The Zeppelins have come again. *See page iii of Cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 531. SATURDAY AUGUST 5, 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 343119
For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

If you are Weak, nervous or run-down—

feel irritable and depressed; cannot sleep at night, appetite poor, and nerves seem all on edge—you should at once commence taking a readily assimilable form of phosphate, for your condition indicates nerve starvation.

The most suitable form of phosphate to use in such cases is the pure

Bitro-Phosphate

which most chemists now stock in convenient 5-grain compressed tablets.

Take one of these tablets either during or immediately after every meal and you will soon note a wonderful improvement in your condition.

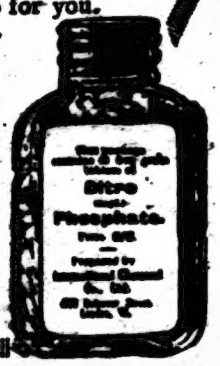
Your nerves will become steady and strong; appetite will improve; you will gain in weight; sleep well and wake up bright and refreshed. Nervousness will soon be a thing of the past, and you will become well, strong and vigorous once more.

Bitro-Phosphate has done all this and more for thousands of men and women who were weak and ill. Get a supply from your chemist to-day and just see what it will do for you.

OBTAINABLE FROM:

Boot's Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White & Co., Henry Hodder & Co., Ltd., Lewis & Burrows, Parke's Drug Stores, and other high-class chemists everywhere.

Price 2/6 per flask, containing sufficient tablets for two weeks' continuous treatment.



CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON. — No. 3.

'I'LL SWAP HIM FOR A CRAYOL

When the battle had been won,
Tommy Atkins bagged a Hun;
Tried to swap his ugly catch
For a CRAYOL and a match.
But, alas! his fellow fighter
Said he didn't want the blighter!

CRAYOL

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

You might equal them by paying more—but why try?

4d. for 10

Buy ten Crayols, to-day. Costs you fourpence. Light up. First puff—"Good!" Second puff—"*Fine!*" Third puff—"These are the cigarettes for me!" And only fourpence.

Those who like a cigarette made of Oriental tobaccos should also try 'Kayan' at the same price.

7½d. for 20

There is only one honest way of doing business — to make the best article you can for the money.

"ERASMIC" SHAVING STICK

Is honest value all through.
Does not dry on the face.
Helps the razor and gives a really comfortable shave.
Leaves the skin clean & soft.
Lasts longer than any other.

BRITISH & BEST.

per **10d.** stick.

"ERASMIC" Perfumers, London & Paris.

SOLDIERS, make yourselves lice-proof,

and do away with all irritation and discomfort by wearing

SOMERVILLE'S Asiatic Body Cord.

Just wear it round the waist, next to the body, and all vermin will be exterminated—they won't even lodge in the clothing.

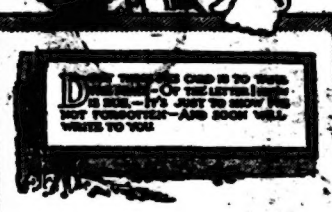
Mrs. G. writes:
"*Will you please send me a body cord for my "son in Salonica? My other son in France "says they are splendid. He has been quite "free of vermin since he wore your body cord.*"

Price 1s. each, postage halfpenny to the Front 2d.

Special Terms for large quantities.

Of all Chemists, &c., or—

GEO. SOMERVILLE,
2, South Clerk Street, EDINBURGH.



SEND HIM THE MEANS TO MAKE YOU HAPPY.

OF all Tommy's troubles the difficulty of keeping in touch with his relatives and friends is the one that causes him the most anxiety. You can help him in this difficulty if you enclose with each parcel you send him a few

Davis 1d. "Message" Postcards.

There's a Card to suit every occasion, whether he be grave or gay, and the simplicity of the wordings and the artistic harmony of the designs will bring "HIM" a refreshing reminder of the "home" conditions he has left behind. Ask your stationer to show you a full range of these cards. Nos. 503 544, 570 are particularly suitable for sending to the Soldier Boys. Look for this Trade Mark—

A. M. DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON EC

When your first freshness wears off—when the miles begin to multiply—its just then that you will appreciate the superiority of the

BROOKS

—the saddle that is always comfortable.

BROOKS BOOK FREE

J. B. BROOKS & Co. Ltd.
92 Criterion Works
Birmingham.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Costumes, Blouse-Robes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ON EASY TERMS.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes **26 FILTERED** or **MOUTHPIECE**, or **32** ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS

Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/4; 500, 10d., post free. New supply in, no waiting.

VITA CO (Dept. J.), 41, Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 531. Week ending Saturday, August 5th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Huns' Latest.

There is but one answer to Germany's latest crime in the murder of gallant Captain Fryatt. We are far from sure that the nation would not be justified in offering a prize for the Kaiser's head; but, at any rate, we *can* forfeit all property held by the Germans in Britain; and we *can* excommunicate every German from the bounds of civilisation. We can further make it clear that in no circumstances will we discuss *any* terms of peace until those responsible for all these murders—be they high or low—are handed over to an International Tribunal for trial and judgment.

Lord Kitchener's Plan.

It was Lord Kitchener's intention to urge the passing of a law which would prevent for the next 21 years any German becoming naturalised in this country or taking up his domicile in the United Kingdom. The best memorial to the great man will be to see that his plan is carried out.

Tottenham Trash.

Down Tottenham way, where we recently presided over a huge demonstration against the alien enemy in our midst, is a Baptist Minister named Ambrose Lewis, and this reverend father in God is of opinion that the "local councillors (it was a Town's meeting) would be better engaged in a crusade for the total prohibition of the drink traffic during the war and six months after its termination, *an enemy far more dangerous than the Germans and Turks and Austrians,* for the worst enemies of any people are their sins." Ambrose Lewis is either a humbug or an ass.

A N.E. London Demonstration.

By the way, on Friday next—the anniversary of the war—there is to be a mighty meeting in the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, to afford the residents of Hackney, Bethnal Green, Mile End and district an opportunity to give vent to their pent-up patriotic emotions. Warwick Brookes, M.P., will preside; and we shall be there.

Those Destroyers.

A fortnight ago Dr. Macnamara promised, in answer to a question by Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P. (of which two days' notice had already been given), to telegraph for the names of the two destroyers which accompanied the *Hampshire*—or, rather, which did not. Up to the time of going to press, nothing more has been heard of the matter. And yet the names are known to many. They were the *Unity* and the *Victor*. What names!

Eligible M.P.s.

One or two M.P.s of military age have been called to the Colours. But what of the others? Let 'em *all*—go.

The Zeppelins have come again.

The Official Gang.

There is far too much of the Departmental taint about the composition of the Gallipoli and Mesopotamia Committees; and Lord Cromer, having besmirched the memory of Lord Kitchener over the "murders" of Mesopotamia, is made Chairman of the Inquiry into the Dardanelles tragedy—whilst Lord George Hamilton, an old political pensioner, is made Chairman of the Mesopotamia Committee. What a game!

"Cant and Cackle."

A Methodist parson, the Rev. Thomas Waugh, of Cleethorpes, has been preaching on that familiar topic of speculative theology, "Do soldiers killed in action go to Heaven?" Next Sunday will the Rev. T. Waugh make himself more useful and less offensive by preaching on the subject, "Where do Methodist parsons who cant and cackle go to?"

"In a few Months."

A phrase in the first speech of the new Minister of War in the House of Commons strikes a note of prophecy. "The late battles have demonstrated," he said, "that British resourcefulness and British intelligence are going to snatch victory again *in a few months* from what appeared at one time to be something invincible." Evidently the soldiers have been telling him things.

Fizzled Out!

The *Rochdale Observer*, speaking of the meteoric career of Mr. Pemberton Billing, says he "went up like a rocket and has come down like a stick," and after remarking that "Mr. Bottomley is another similar case" (of course our brother meant "a similar case"), tells us that the newest example is that of "Mr. Morris Hughes of Australia." There are fireworks for you!

"Wake Up, England!"

We were forcibly reminded of this cry when travelling to town the other morning by the 8.10 train from Brighton. We sat in the Pullman car with sixteen other passengers *and ten of them slept nearly all the way. We* had been at work since six, and had motored twenty miles to the train!

"Our War Badges."

We are busy investigating claims for JOHN BULL's Exemption Badges—not one of which is allotted without the strictest scrutiny. And next week we shall announce a free distribution of "In Memoriam" badges—for those who have lost friends and relatives at the Front.

Sign our coupon on page iii of cover.

"Name, please!"

Amid an admiring crowd of his constituents, Mr. Steel Maitland has "attested." What regiment has the Under-Secretary for the Colonies joined? We have missed the name.

Off With Them.

All the sons of the Kaiser are members of the Victorian Order. They must be struck off at once. The Prime Minister must make a clean sweep of these Royal Huns, whilst he is about it.

"Harry Tate's Navy."

We understand that a number of young men with influence have been appointed to the Motor Boat Reserve. These youths, with little or no practical experience, are put in charge of fast motor boats, to take off pilots and attend to transport—and so escape military service! From the antics they cut, they are known about Southampton as "Harry Tate's Navy"—a good name for them.

Why Not?

Mr. John Bull, the well-known scenic artist of New Kent Road, tells us that he is constantly having callers asking for advice or lodging complaints, under the impression that he is ourselves. He adds that as his entire office staff has joined the Colours, it is rather inconvenient to have to attend to these calls, and therefore suggests, as John Bull happens to be his real name (not assumed), we might consider the suggestion of altering the title of this journal!

Those Holidays.

Some munition workers, willingly giving up their own holidays, complain that other workers, whom they dub slackers, are taking holiday unrebuked, most of them being young men on work that could be well given to older men. They declare these youths to be unskilled, but yet are badged and certified as "indispensable." One factory, at Tottenham, is said to be giving all hands ten days' holiday on half-pay. The argument is that men who can be spared for that period can be spared for a much longer one.

Archidiaconal Slop.

In common with so many other of the British clergy, the Right Rev. Bishop Wallis, Archdeacon of Sherborne, is very, very eager that we should be good and kind and gentle to Germhuny after the war. He says we must eliminate from the minds of our rulers any idea that Germhuny can never again have a place among Christian nations, for "it can never be our duty to strive to efface a brother nation, one of those who are called to bring their glory and honour into the City of God." There is no "City of God" which can ever want the alleged glory and honour of Germhuny. Hell is her "spiritual home."

The Victoria Cross.

Mr. Harry Furniss, who used to be a comic artist, makes in a Sunday newspaper a "confession" which he might more decently have kept to himself. He says he is "not a believer in the virtue or value of the Victoria Cross." It has always been his "impression that that coveted honour has been awarded sometimes for impulse and not for valour at all." He considers the Cross is given to men who lose their heads, and so become heroes. They act on impulse, and "the highest courage" is the "resistance of impulse." So, when a soldier is impelled to do a noble deed, this comic artist would give him a medal for resisting the impulse. Mr. Furniss has a weird conception of a battlefield if he thinks it a place where men can keep cool. Wonderful deeds are done on a momentary impulse, but many a Cross has been won for bravery when the "impulse" lasted for hours on end. The warrior who receives from the King the highest honour that the country can bestow may well ignore such scurvy criticism.

An Anti-Briton.

William R. Hearst, who runs a number of newspapers in America, all pro-German and anti-British, told his editors to plead for the man Casement, whom he termed a "leader in thought and hero in deed." And we in this country, it appears, are to learn that Casement "should be even more honoured in England than he is in Ireland." The spectacle of Hearst trying to run the affairs of the British Empire is funny without being serious, but one of his friends might in kindness tell him how foolish is the figure he cuts. Besides, all his rant against us is surely a bad advertisement for *Nash's Magazine*, which he begs us to buy once a month.

A Peregrinating Princess.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has had quite a nice time in Scotland. First she went to Glasgow, to open a new Y.M.C.A. Institute, and she made a tour of inspection, including the works of Messrs. Stewarts and Lloyds, the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. William Beardmore and Co., an institute at Dalmuir, a Soldiers' Rest, and the Bridgeton Munition Workers' Institute, which was the one she opened. Having been duly thanked for taking her look round, she went to Edinburgh, to fulfil more engagements, and thence to Sheffield, to "visit several munition centres." No doubt being a lady of intelligence and application, she will have improved her mind by the acquisition of much interesting knowledge.

McKenna and the Banks.

Mr. McKenna still fights shy of intruding his official nose into the places where the banks retain in secret and security their vast unclaimed deposits. "Inquiries which have been made from time to time," he told Mr. C. Wason, M.P., the other day, "clearly indicate that the popular idea of the amount involved is very much exaggerated." The alleged inquiries with which Mr. McKenna hocus-pocused Mr. Wason have never been worth two penn'orth of new Government beer. What is wanted is a compulsory Return from all banks as to the unclaimed balances, securities, plate, specie, jewellery, and so forth in their possession, with a short account of their derivation in each case.

Milk Ramp, Ahoy!

Up she goes again! "A large firm of dairy farmers" in South-East London, not named, have now announced to their customers that they intend to increase the price of milk to sixpence a quart. What is really wanted in such circumstances is a solemn league and covenant on the part of the public not to pay sixpence a quart. If they had reduced their milk bill by half they would probably not have had to pay fivepence. As it is, in a month or two they will be exploited for sevenpence, and in the winter probably for eightpence. And at the end of the war some of these wholesale and retail milk rampers will have made bigger fortunes out of milk and wet weather than, before the war, entered into their wildest dreams.

A Perfect Treat.

How very naughty of the Master of the Workhouse at Stonehouse! The Vicar of St. Matthew's, like a real good parson, invited the children in the workhouse to share the Sunday-school treat of his own scholars, and that Master actually let them go. The little ones had a real good time, and somebody told one of the Guardians how completely they appreciated their outing. And that put the fat in the fire, for it seems that the House Committee had not been told of the excursion before, and were immediately on their dignity. The Guardians held a pow-wow, and the unrepentant Master said "no crime had been committed, and the matter was quite trivial." We agree it was no crime; it was a good deed, well done by both the Vicar and the Master.

Write to "John Bull" about it—with a "John Bull" Pen.

Some Collection.

A number of sailors on board H.M.S. *Inflexible* have collected about 12,000 cigarette pictures, and they wish to know whether they can be utilised monetarily on behalf of any charitable institution or "to help one of the many cases wanting help which comes before you every week." What offers? We will forward letters.

We Wonder!

The *Passing Show* wonders "what success Lord Northcliffe would have were he in the position of Horatio Bottomley, whose organ JOHN BULL is a weekly journal which depends not upon its *news*, but on its *views*." Well put—but what success should *we* have had if we dealt in *news!* By the way, what a wonderful little paper the *Passing Show* is. It should be renamed the *Surpassing Show!*

Jack's the Lad.

Jack's the lad who complains but seldom; we usually hear of his troubles from an outside source. But we have this from an inside one, and it is the news that he is being docked of 6 oz. of bread every day of his life. Sometimes he is on duty 16 to 18 hours a day, and his allowance of 10 ozs. of "rooty" does not go far. True, he may order extra bread when on a long spell—but, if he does, he finds he has to pay for it. As there is no Naval canteen for Jack, he has to buy his gear ashore at shore prices on sea pay, which is none too much. He is a wonderful lad to stand it all and still smile.

Prudes on the Prowl.

There is something seriously wrong somewhere when petticoated prudes on the prowl, armed with some measure of official authority and accompanied by regular policemen, are permitted to loaf around Hyde Park and other places of public resort, insulting soldiers on leave and whispering nasty "warnings" into the ears of their female companions. Such proceedings are unnecessary, unwholesome, and un-English, and if the Home Secretary is responsible, we appeal to him to call off these fussy and objectionable females—leaving the ordinary police to preserve the common decencies, as they are well capable of doing.

The Lovely Flowers.

It was War Savings Week, so the Chairman and members of the Birmingham Parks Committee first took lunch, and then took a half-day off to drive around the city and view the various parks, about 14 in all, and to take tea, winding up at the Grand Hotel, where they took dinner. The conclusion they came to was that "the floral display" in their public parks "was little less brilliant than in former years, when the weather conditions were more favourable." We are not worrying about the effect of the weather, but we think the need for national economy might well have had some effect upon that floral display. Less brilliancy and more saving is a lesson those city fathers have yet to learn.

An Unnecessary Revelation.

The freedom of the Press is a precious thing, but the Press need not be too free in matters of delicacy. A Balham tradesman, who appeared before his Tribunal to give particulars of his circumstances, mentioned incidentally that he is the father of two children, and anticipated the advent of a third. The *Tooting Gazette* gave great prominence to this very private matter, and, under the heading of "Expectations," a good lady finds not only a reference to herself, but a mention of the month when matters may be expected to eventuate. Such "news" may be a god-send to prying eyes and gossiping tongues, but good taste should have suggested the deletion of the lines by the editor.

Praise from the Parsons.

"We look to you as the man of all men," writes the Rev. W. A. Gibson, Assistant Chaplain of Holloway Prison; "more power to your elbow. Your article last week was the finest I have ever read." Lucky Holloway prisoners to have such a chaplain!

"Only a Pauper."

As a member of the Monmouth Board of Guardians, the Rev. T. Davies, Vicar of Trelleck, has been unburdening his soul upon the question of parish funerals. "At a recent funeral which came under his notice the hearse should have been 'scrapped' and the pall was shabby." Moreover, the reverend gentleman was "ashamed to see" the coffin, upon which there were no names—merely initials. It is all very disgraceful and revolting, and now that the Monmouth Guardians have had the facts thrust under their noses, we shall expect them to terminate the scandal in double-quick time.

Facing the Music.

Great is British pluck, according to an evening newspaper; not in the trenches, nor on the high seas, remember, but—in the orchestra. That great commander (of the band), Sir Thomas Beecham, "has been suffering from an injury to his right arm." A muscle is strained "and out of place"; he "cannot even shake hands." Therefore was it "a very plucky thing" to conduct "Romeo and Juliet." Gravely is it recorded that he wielded no bayonet—we beg pardon; the word is "baton"—but used his left hand in "conveying gestures." Such, in these days, is the twaddle receiving special space in "gossip" columns. It is all very well when a band conductor, having a bad right hand, sits up and waggles his left, but to prate about the pluck of it is to lose all sense of proportion.

Robbery: Official.

Day by day the Government discover novel methods of economy. Here is the latest: "My mother is an Old Age Pensioner," writes a woman from Portsmouth. "She had the misfortune to lose her book, and gave notice to the Post Office and applied to the officer in charge about it. After waiting a fortnight she was given a new one, but was told she must lose one week's money unless she found her old book; if it was found she could draw it. Don't you think, sir, that is rather hard." Not only so; it possesses all the elements of audacious robbery. But then the Government economise a precious five bob, even if the old lady has to half-starve herself for a week to enable them to do it. As a recognition of her notable assistance in enabling the Government to win the war, we have sent her 10s. from our own fund.

Comedy in Lambeth.

If you sleep on the floor you do not fall far when you tumble out of bed. Patients in the "A" Ward at Renfrew Road (Lambeth) Workhouse have been sleeping on the floor, but the rats came and worried them, so they have taken up their beds and walked to other wards. But the Guardians are thoughtful for all their inmates. "From a health point of view" they are going to alter the dietary, knocking off half-an-ounce of meat daily, and providing bread-and-cheese for dinner on Wednesday instead of meat. Fat on paupers is unhealthy. There was next the Chaplain to be thought of. They had proposed to raise his "remuneration" (must not call it wages!) from £175 to £190, but the Local Government Board sensibly advised them to wait till after the war. The good Chaplain has now agreed to hold an additional service at the Children's Infirmary, and it was hought to be a fine chance to ask the L.G.B. to reconsider its decision. We suppose it would be out of order to call this an artful move.

Every woman should read "Everywoman's."

Too Much Schmidt.

The firm of Conrad W. Schmidt (F. A. Glaeser), Ltd., is still carrying on business, presumably under licence from the Board of Trade. It has been denuded of its Royal appointment, but still parades itself as "Contractors to the Admiralty, War Office, India Office, Crown Agents for the Colonies," and so on. It is a great pity these offices cannot place their contracts elsewhere, so as to render assistance to British concerns. One of Schmidt's representatives notifies a reader that he will call on the look-out for business at an early date, and that reader asks, "Are we justified in shooting it?" He must be content with showing the door to the intruder.

An Ironmongering Chance.

The *Ironmonger* advertises this managerial post for the duration of the war: "Must be a practical ironmonger, glass cutter, good stock keeper and book-keeper, keen buyer, prepared to assist in unloading trucks on rail, load up delivery vans, mix up mortar, and take over complete charge if necessary." Several readers ask us what the successful applicant will be required to do in his spare time. It is difficult to say. Perhaps take out the missus or nurse the baby.

Sugar Prices.

Who is to punish the grocer when he advances the retail price of sugar beyond the authorised maximum figure? A Scottish grocer, for instance, wants 5½d. for granulated, whereas 4¾d. was the price fixed. There are, of course, many other cases, all of special importance in the jam-making season, but we mention this one in particular because a definite complaint regarding it made to the Board of Trade did not elicit even the courtesy of a printed acknowledgment. Are guilty ones to sin unrebuked, unpunished, and unchecked?

Robes De Luxe.

Apparently the County Court judges have not been considering the lilies of the field. They toil not neither do they spin, yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. In the new robes they have been authorised to wear in the execution of their duty they look almost as gorgeous as the Lord Mayor. We should have thought that their Honours could have waited until the conclusion of the war before clothing themselves in exquisite and costly raiment.

A Sin of the Past.

From the bill-head of Messrs. J. and J. Fleming, 47 and 51, Broad Street, Aberdeen:—"Wholesale Warehousemen and Importers of French and German Goods." We trust Messrs. Fleming have ceased to import German goods; that being so, they should also cease to boast of their past doings in that line.

Aquinas *v.* Bull.

Many readers continue to draw attention to the fact that the Rev. Principal Selbie, in the course of a lecture on the "Ministry of the Modern World," advises his hearers, in order that they may know what men outside the Ministry are thinking and saying and reading most eagerly to-day, to read John Bull. "It might not be exactly a pleasure—he would rather read Thomas Aquinas—but they should not fail to read the paper for all that." We are as much obliged to Principal Selbie for his recommendation as for his custom. There are times when we ourselves appreciate the late Mr. Aquinas, of pious memory. But this is a day for live men to seek and fight for living issues, and it is with live men and living issues that John Bull is mainly concerned.

Purveyor to Pussy.

Our friend the cats' meat man of Wimbledon writes us a manly letter. He does not object to our small joke about his business being "of national importance," and he assures us he is no shirker, and is willing to do his bit. He appealed on the ground of hardship, fearing ruin for his business, and he has a wife and four children. The man who will get the bulk of his trade when he goes has, he says, secured six months' exemption; that is why he grumbles at his own one month. Let us hope that his fears of ruin will be groundless, and that, should he be sent to the front, he will be able to do business of real national importance by making cats' meat of the Huns.

White Wood-Ware.

The Hun wood-carvers in internment camps are, as we have shown, impudently eager to find markets for their wares, and we regret to think they may possibly be successful in some quarters. A lady tells us she has frequently bought articles carved in white wood, and recently some were purchased for her at a very well-known London stores. On the back of them she found a stamp, "Made in Scotland." Never having previously seen such a notification, she asks us whether these goods are some of the output of the prisoners at Hawick. Sincerely we hope not, for surely a big London house would not stoop to such traffic.

The Coming Trade War.

Messrs. Thomas Farrow and Walter Crotch make a formidable literary combination. After giving us their illuminating little books, "How to Win the War" and "The Financial Solution," they have now produced "The Coming Trade War." It is almost a Business Government Handbook. Get it.

The Week's Story.

It is being told about Lord Mersey, who was caught drinking a German wine. Asked by one of his guests if he were aware that he was consuming an enemy product, the ex-Judge replied, "Yes, and that is why I am 'interning' it"!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Merthyr Express":—
"All night long they poured tea and gas shells into our lines."

"Agents' Journal and Official Gazette" (advertisement):—
"With the aid of the ——— Self-filling Fountain Pen you are able to get through your work in double the time."

"Star" (advertisement):—
"Before you buy a Piano or Player-Piano write to ——for a free copy of 'The Practical Instalment Plan.' It costs you nothing to know, and may save you as many pounds."

"Leicester Mail":—
"A butcher's slaughterer who made application, said he was a widow's only son, and his brother was a soldier."

"London Advertiser" (London, Ontario), menu column:—
"Wednesday: Breakfast—Toast and coffee. Dinner—Beef flank and soap."

"Yorkshire Telegraph and Star" (advertisement):—
"Star, Ecclesall Road, continuous, 2.30 to 10.45, 'My Boy grew to be a soldier' (4,000 feet)."

"The Times":—
"He belonged to a military family, having had three great-grandfathers at Waterloo."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Grey, K.G., Foreign Secretary.

Dear Viscount,—Sympathy with the starving populations of territories occupied by the Germanic Powers is nowhere stronger than in Great Britain, and I am glad you have at length found it possible clearly to define the attitude of his Majesty's Government in relation to schemes for their relief. If the enemy will undertake to deal honestly in the matter, and to keep his hands off food supplies intended for the civil populations, Great Britain will gladly lend her aid; but if not, the British Government will exact from the occupying Powers "such reparation as can be secured by the Allied arms" for the consequent sacrifice of civilian life. Your announcement argues a wise and just decision. Let it be boldly applied. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Mr. Samuel,—As is usual in such matters, there has been a good deal of exaggeration in regard to the alleged growth of the cocaine habit; but it is wise, no doubt, that precautions should be taken, and I have no objection to the proposed legislative restrictions upon the sale of this pernicious drug. The fact is, of course, that by your absurd efforts to curtail the reasonable use of alcohol, you have given a direct impetus to the use of more dangerous stimulants, and are now at your wits' ends to devise remedies for an evil fostered by your own folly. In the conditions of modern life the use of alcoholic stimulant cannot be annulled by Act of Parliament; and the reasonable enjoyment of good liquor is a useful safeguard against pernicious drugging. Now, do you see? John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P.

Dear "Lulu,"—I am well aware, of course, that you are not the "Board" of Trade, but I believe you are "answering" for him just now; and, in any case, it doesn't much matter—for in this wonderful Government everybody seems quite ready to try his hand at anybody else's job. However, my present concern is with the shipping freights scandal, and I am wondering—I hope it isn't a breach of the Defence of the Realm Regulations—what is going to be done about it, and when. If my question is improper, pray hurry it out of sight with all decent haste; but if in this free and happy land it is still permissible to protest against daylight robbery without incurring suspicion of treason, perhaps you will drop me half a line at the old address. John Bull.

To J. G. Swift MacNeill, Esq., M.P.

My Dear MacNeill,—When I sat in the House opposite you, but not in Opposition to you, I often admired your pertinacity, and now I congratulate you on one striking result of your sticking power. For months you have urged in Parliament what I have urged outside—that the Government should rid the traitor Princes of their styles and titles. Mr. Asquith put you off time after time, but you were not to be denied. I fancy he told you that "in view of the many pressing questions engaging the attention of Parliament and the Government I am not disposed to take action in the matter." Well, since then the nation has become extra pressing on the matter and the Government has given in, and the traitor Princes are to be hurled from the peerage they have dishonoured. Let us join in mutual congratulations. John Bull.

To Captain Koenig, Submarine "Deutschland," Baltimore, U.S.A.

Dear Herr Cap,—You don't seem to be very eager to leave Baltimore with that cargo of gold and stuff for the Fatherland. "Circumstances and conditions over which we have no control are keeping us at Baltimore," is the explanation you have been giving to the United States pressmen—the "vague" explanation, they call it. But it really isn't vague at all, is it? It is very precise and clear, really meaning that, having got in, you daren't come out. For the time being the *Deutschland* is bobbing up and down "almost hourly" for the moving pictures. I suppose that is really about as much as you expect to move for some time to come, unless you move over here. Hard luck, eh? What was the good of the Germhuns "winning" the Battle of Jutland, after all? John Bull.

To the Lord Provost and Council of the City of Edinburgh.

Dear Lord Provost and Gentlemen,—I am sorry to think you should be hard up for £2 10s., and doubly sorry you should endeavour to squeeze that sum from the nearly empty pocket of Mrs. Henderson, the mother of two soldier boys. You know she has an invalid husband, who has not been out of the house for 15 years, and a daughter earning 6s. weekly. You also know that her income from her fighting sons and the Government is 19s. 6d. a week, so dear food caused her to slip into arrears with her rent. That brave mother actually owed 50s. to her landlords—your noble selves, gentlemen—and, when she tendered 10s. on account to your Factor, it was refused. Then an Ejectment Notice was served on her, a blue paper covered with the jargon of the law: "Being a weekly tenant you are hereby required to quit and cease possession of the house situated at Potterrow, belonging to the Lord Provost and Council"—and so on and so forth. Can you be surprised if the good woman was alarmed and distressed at the notion of being turned into the streets with her invalid husband and daughter, and this while her boys were not present to protect her because they were fighting to protect their country—and you? I am glad to know that poor Mrs. Henderson found a friend in Mr. Mitchell, manager of a firm that had employed one of her sons. He told her to ignore your notice, and he asked your factor to send future communications through his firm. That soldier's mother has fallen into kindly hands, but it is no thanks to you that she is no longer distressed and anguished. Do curb the energies of your factor! John Bull.

To His Honour Judge Gye, Hampshire County Court.

Your Honour,—After the verdict of the Court of Appeal in the case of the unfortunate blacksmith Stride, perhaps in future your decisions under the Workmen's Compensation Act will be distinguished by more humanity and commonsense. To reduce the payment made by Stride's employers first from 13s. to 10s. a week and then to *one penny a week* because you thought this poor man, paralysed by an accident and compelled to use a bath-chair, ought to "try" to work was a piece of callous stupidity. Whether the man's condition is due to loss of will power or defective will power it comes to the same thing—his unhappy state is the result of the accident. As the Master of the Rolls declared, Stride is not a malingerer, but "an honest man suffering from the loss of will power owing to the accident." The Court thereupon reversed your harsh and inconceivable award, and Stride is to receive again half wages, viz., 13s. per week. In future "try" to temper commonsense with mercy, and cease making a "gye" of yourself. John Bull.

To Dr. J. Fort Newton, City Temple.

Dear "Doc.,"—I believe there is more than a possibility that you may shortly be "called" from your American pastorate to London's leading Nonconformist pulpit, and if all your sermons are as bright and breezy as recent samples, your advent will be welcome. One of your remarks pleased me immensely—that in which you lamented the fact that "the Christian world was split up and divided into innumerable sects and schisms, some of them small enough to be called insects." I guess that a parson who can strike that merry note is neither a prude nor a prig, and from all I hear of you I fancy that if that "call" comes off we shall very soon be friends. John Bull.

To Lieutenant G. R. McCubbin, D.S.O., Royal Flying Corps.

Gallant Airman,—I am glad we are at length permitted to know, if only by inference, the name of the gallant officer who, in single combat, defeated and killed one of the most distinguished aviators in the German Army, and I warmly congratulate you upon a very gallant feat of arms. In some aspects of aerial enterprise we cannot emulate the Huns; we organise no baby-killing expeditions, drop no bombs on undefended cities, slaughter no civilians in cold blood. But in honest warfare, by land, sea, or air, we can more than hold our own, and in the hands of such men as you the splendid traditions of the British fighting services are right worthily upheld. John Bull.

TRAITORS NEAR THE THRONE.

NO MORE RENEGADE PRINCES—NO GERMANS IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER!

By Charles Palmer (*Late Editor of the Globe.*)

Is there any real hatred of the German in Downing Street? Does Mr. Asquith, does any one of his colleagues—Radical or Coalition, they all seem tarred with the same brush—entertain that deep, undying indignation at the ruthless murderers on the seas and marauders on the land against whom we, the British people, are fighting with every fibre of our being? What does it mean, this tenderness towards the German—particularly the German in high places? Whether it be the Kaiser or Sir Edgar Speyer—the same softness is shown towards the head of the Hun race as to that noble gentleman who, although swearing allegiance to our King, flung the honours which had been lavished upon him at the feet of his Majesty's Chief Minister. Sir Edgar, who is to remain of his Majesty's Privy Council until the nation decrees otherwise, had Royal warranty for his conduct. Did not his ex-Sovereign send an aide-de-camp to our Ambassador in Berlin the day war was declared with a message that his Imperial Majesty was determined to "divest himself of all his British titles and orders"? Personally, I think the Kaiser did the proper thing in making that declaration. War had been declared, and to the German Sovereign war really meant war. How could he continue to consider himself Admiral of the British Fleet when he knew that that Fleet, if left alone to do its magnificent work, would starve out his people inside twelve months? Whatever we may say and think about the German Emperor *he* is, at least, in earnest about this war.

An Insult to the Army.

But while the Kaiser has declared in the most formal manner that he spurns the British titles and honours he had been cute enough to accept in order to deceive, have any steps been taken to divest him formally of those titles and distinctions? I know that after the public announcement of Mr. Horatio Bottomley that if the Garter banners, which the Royal Huns had besmirched by their unknightly conduct, were not removed from St. George's Chapel, he would take it upon himself to do the necessary tearing down, the authorities were frightened into action. But much more must be done to satisfy the national conscience. The Imperial murderer, the man-demon who breathes out his hate and loathing for this country to which he is allied by the unsavoury accident of birth, is, I believe, still a Field Marshal in that "contemptible little Army" which, now grown to a mighty host, is pouring shell and death upon the hordes of the Kaiser. This man—who has applauded and honoured those who have consigned to sea graves our women and our children, who has permitted the murder of the brave Captain of the *Brussels*—is still an Honorary Admiral of the British Fleet. No official action has been adopted to drum the Imperial murderer out of the British Army. Our roll of Field Marshals bears the honoured name of Lord Roberts, who was scorned and derided by our Ministers because—untainted by German influence, owning to no "spiritual home" save the Home of his Fathers to which he was called with the sound of battle in his ears—he had the honesty and courage to warn us of the foe waiting and watching, preparing to spring. That roll of Field Marshals contains the ever-to-be-revered name of Lord Kitchener, who made us strong for the fight, and in doing his duty with the stern unbending sense of discipline of the great soldier, incurred the jealousy and hatred of the politician. He went to his death a victim, as I believe, to the spy and the bomb. Yet he shared his exalted rank with the King who encompassed his end and who rejoiced when the fell hand had done its work. It is something that at last Mr. Asquith has consented to find time to remove from the roll of peers, which they sully and stain, the names of the traitor princes who stand close in order of succession to the British throne. It is infamous that we should have been compelled to wait two years before the Prime Minister would condescend to "advise" his Majesty. For months John Bull has urged this upon the Government. Public sentiment demands that none of these traitor Princes shall ever again be given the hospitality of England; it has revolted at the idea that the House of Peers—robbed as it has been by the enemy of many a fair young noble, the pride and hope of his family—should continue to harbour Dukes and Princes who have turned on the People that fed them and taken up arms against the King's Majesty. Mr. Asquith has now promised under pressure—public pressure as always—to do the right thing. A week before he would not hear of it. Now he has seen in its full force the red light of public indignation. No longer will he shelter these infamous Princes, these traitors near the Throne!

Outlaw and Degrade Them.

But the public must be on guard. What we want is not only that the Dukes of Albany and Cumberland, and that shameless Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein—who, like the Kaiser and the Duke of Albany, is a grandson of Queen Victoria, first cousin to our King—should be deprived of their peerages and honours. We want such alterations made in the Act of Settlement that the two Dukes cannot stand as they now do in direct succession to the Throne of England. It can be done. All things are possible to Parliament, as history has shown and kings have found to their cost. Don't let us be put off with anything less than the erasure of the names of these traitor Princes from the fair roll of Britain's peers, plus their ruthless casting off from even the ghost of a chance of succession. And so that there shall be no hole and corner affair about this tardy concession to public sentiment and national indignation, let proceedings for outlawry be instituted against the Dukes of Cumberland and Albany in the good old-fashioned way, and thus exact the penalty, which is "forfeiture and corruption of blood," entailing the deprivation of peerages and other honours. When the proposal was made to the Prime Minister six months ago, he had only a sneer ready. "I cannot but think that the hon. member is laying undue stress on this matter." Undue stress! When these creatures are in arms against the Crown and People of this country. Oh, no, the authorities hurried to loosen the Garters when public indignation flamed out in protest; but it would be, we were told, a difficult matter to snatch off these coronets. Useless, then, was it to protest that to continue in their honours these traitors near the Throne was "exciting indignation in this country and was calculated to lower the dignity of British Ministers and to create an impression that favour was shown towards traitors in high positions." Well, we have given the Government another shock. And we have not done. Just as we intend to rid our peerage of German aliens, and hope gradually to see our Royal Family *breed out* the taint of the Hun, so we are determined that the laws of England shall be altered to make it impossible for the German-born to become members of the Privy Council and sit in the Chamber of the Sovereign. Ministers, whether Prime or otherwise, will be forced to play the part of *British* statesmen.

PUT THE "BLACKS" ON THEM.

USE THE FULL RESOURCES OF EMPIRE—BLACK, BROWN AND WHITE.

By A. G. Hales.

FOR a full year past this journal has been clamouring for war as war *should* be made, and not one solitary daily journal has dared to back us up. Yet if ever it was right, it is right in this. It was right about Townshend; he could have been saved with all his army if the daily press had only come into line with us. It was right when it tried to touch the heart-strings of the nation over the awful bungle in Mesopotamia in regard to transport, which would have saved our wounded warriors; and to-day the Commons and the Lords acclaim it right. I do not desire to harp upon this theme; all I now ask is that the daily press will throw its colossal might behind us, for we are right, and help us win this bloody, brutal war. We want to stop it, and we cannot stop it until Germany, the disturber of the world's peace and progress, lies prone in the dust, a beaten, broken, shattered power—a thing of yesterday. We have no ambitious designs; we want to get on with our work in peace—we want to spend our hundreds of millions bettering our own people, not wasting all that money in shells and bayonets. We want to sow our world with blossoms, not with tears and wounds and horrible hatred. But, as God lives, we have a job to do first, and the nation means to do it! That job is to crush for ever and for ever Prussian military power. We must not, and we will not, leave our Ally France at the mercy of the mailed fist. Great, glorious, gallant France, so close to the German border, *must* and shall be secure from the devilish lust of German ambition. We cannot, and we will not, leave Belgium and the little Powers trembling at the feet of the Germanic monster. Five millions of our peace-loving folk have been torn from their homes—from their daily work, from their peaceful sports and pastimes—and hurled into the vortex of ruthless war; and they will not go back to their work and their play until they have dismantled German power for ever.

Our Unheeded Warnings.

For a year and over, we have in this journal continuously warned our political rulers that this was and is an Empire's job—not a task for Britain and her gallant overseas dependencies and her Allies alone. We warned them that the Power we had to smash had been preparing for this war for *forty years*, with every atom of its force organised to the highest pressure point. We knew what we were writing about, and we said in unequivocal language that it was our duty to call up *all the man-power of our Empire* to face the foe. Now, after our warnings and pleadings are a year old, Mr. Lloyd George, Secretary of State for War, has at last voiced the same opinion; he has said within the last week what we have said for a whole year—*we must have the whole man-power of the Empire.* We know he learned his lesson from this journal and from no other source, for he voiced the very arguments we have put forward and in the self-same words. We do not begrudge him the mantle we made, as long as he uses it for the good of the Empire and for the vigorous prosecution of the war. He is the only Minister who has so far shown that he has any real grip on the epoch-making significance of this struggle for the freedom of the world. We want the man-power of the Empire in the fighting line, and we do not care who or what the man is who brings the man-power in so long as it comes in. Our only end and aim is to bring about a victory crushing and complete and everlasting. We do not mean to permit Germany to rise, after the arrival of peace, hydra-headed and powerful, to sap the very life-blood out of the working population of this Empire by swamping our markets with cheap goods. We mean to leave her so that never again can she build up a great fleet and keep a vast army out of money won by trade with us. Germany has put herself beyond the pale of civilised humanity, and beyond the pale she shall remain—a crushed and utterly impotent force in the scale of things. She threw the dice; by the cast of the throw she must and shall abide—else has Kitchener lived and died in vain and all our sacrifices have been of no avail.

What We Can Do.

Once more let us reiterate what we have so often said in the past—what Mr. Lloyd George is saying to-day. We must draw upon the man-power of Africa. Why not? Africa has had all the benefits of our Empire; if it had not been for us, the Zulus would have stamped out all other negro nations by the power of arms. We broke their reign of terror and we poured out blood and treasure to do it. They were a great and a grisly foe—athletes to a man, and backed by a military organisation no negro force ever before held in the world's history. They were, and are, great fighters; braver than lions, they were overrunning Africa when we stepped in, and by the force of modern weapons shattered their stupendous power and made them in the end our vassals and our allies. We can get that mighty fighting force behind us any hour we call on them; we have long known it—Mr. Lloyd George now knows it.

We can get the Basutos—now the best-organised African fighting force in existence—well trained, well armed, giants in physique, and if led by our inimitable British officers, capable of beating in the field the very best troops the Kaiser can boast. These, then, are the men of the fine kindred nations, all giants, all athletes, men who only want training and leading to be in the battle-line the equals of the best the world owns. They are ours; they want to come; why not have them—giants built like Peter Jackson and Jack Johnson, ready and willing for war, with centuries of fighting traditions behind them—men whom a few good British sergeant-majors would soon lick into shape for European war—men who would follow our officers to the pit of hell and over the edge. Are we to go on neglecting this superb heritage of Empire? Turn your eyes to Egypt, where the Fuzzis—the men who with crude weapons in their hands again and again broke British squares—stand waiting for the call. They faced our gatling-guns, our bayonets, and our deadly rifle-fire with fanatical dauntlessness, and more than once they won—and they had only the steel to back them. And the Nubians, too, stand ready and willing. Our drill-sergeants, the best on God's planet, would quickly transform these black and brown men into disciplined troops, and our officers would take them into Tophet and come out the other side. How many of all these peoples, you ask, can we get?—and I tell you, *seven millions* easily, and not a waster or a weakling amongst them. I know Africa; I know Egypt; and I tell you the man-power is there. Let the Empire bear its burden; the white man has carried his share, and more than his share, and carried it nobly. Now, Mr. Lloyd George, make history!

MR. CHURCHILL'S "BEAST"—WHAT IS IT?

By Horatio Bottomley.

I like Mr. Churchill's third article best of the three. It is called "The Great Amphibian"; but its proper title should be "The Great Am*phibi*er—or Politician." For we are told that she is a "female beast" (nearly all politicians being old women)—"not clever, but very tough" (you know how thick-skinned the politician is)—"short sighted but very patient" (you recognise the "Wait and Sees" at once)—"slow and clumsy" (what could be more exact?). But there the description breaks down—for we are told that this amphibian is "very strong and fierce"—so, perhaps after all it isn't the politician! If only Mr. Churchill had added that she was absolutely "spineless," the analogy would have been complete! But what is this? "She eats too much, and wastes too much, and costs a lot to keep . . . also, she is very hard to get at . . . no one has ever caught her." So she *may* be the politician—the Great Am*phibi*er—after all!

The Real Question.

Of course, what Mr. Churchill is thinking about is the wonderful amphibious power of the British Empire, and well does he paint it. But we all knew about it. We learnt it at school, and the South African war afforded a wonderful object-lesson for the whole world. What we want to know is why this power was allowed to "run to seed" before the present war; why the Great Amphibian was allowed to over-eat and go to sleep—snoring soundly whilst the Huns were preparing to swoop down upon her and stab her to the heart. *That* is the question, my Rt. Hon. friend—and not all your pretty writing will obscure it. What is the good of telling us that at the end of July, 1914, the Admiralty began to warn the Fleet to be ready for action? Why weren't our naval commanders told to keep their eyes on the German navy and not, in any circumstances, to let it escape up the Kiel Canal? Oh, yes, I know that the British ultimatum hadn't expired—and I am mightily impressed with that picture of "a small group of admirals and captains, and a cluster of clerks, pencil in hand, waiting for the clock to strike eleven." I really think that I would have had all the necessary messages written out on the off-chance of their being required—but that by the way. What I want to explain is that whilst this picturesque group was forming up (by the way, was it ever photographed?) the German warships were sneaking away out of danger. Heligoland was playing its part already. But our admirals and captains were waiting for the signal "which meant 'Commence hostilities!" Let me recall to Mr. Churchill's memory something which Lord Nelson once said—a few days before a great naval battle: "Whilst you politicians are making up your minds, I mean to keep my eye on the foe—and *if necessary I'll follow him to the antipodes.*" Oh, for the Nelson touch!

Getting-Mixed.

Of course, I do not blame Mr. Churchill for giving the Navy a good show. Why shouldn't he? But in his enthusiasm for the Service of which he was the head, doesn't he get, here and there, a little mixed? Listen to this: "Once more in defence of the liberties of Europe and the common right must she enter upon the voyage of great toil and hazard across waters uncharted towards coasts unknown, guided only by the stars." But *what* uncharted waters have we sailed during this war; and where, so far, has our fleet been "guided only by the stars"? Isn't our friend somewhat confusing the war with the South Pole expedition? But, incidentally, we get a word for the Army. You must understand that, in a way, Mr. Churchill is a bit of a Wellington as well as a Nelson. General French's "contemptible" little force is given due credit for the part it played at the Battle of the Marne, although as regards the new armies, we are told that we "never thought" of arms and equipment. But "never mind," says our stoical friend: "Let us become the world's armourer and arsenal." Oh that word "become"! True, we are also told that it was "a pity to have overlooked it before," and that "half a year has been lost," or "*was it a year—or was it more?*" Mr. Churchill is not sure. I will tell him—it was *two* years. And yet, it appears that "Great Britain's entry into the war was workmanlike," and that everything we did "had been carefully conceived in time of peace," and was "in harmony with the highest strategic truth"!

Two Sinister Admissions.

Just two more points. "All over the world the great Amphibian must draw her children, her resources, *and her food.*" Well, that was bad, so far as the food is concerned. John Bull's larder should always be full—from the home farm. And the British Navy had to "pen the second greatest naval power in *its fortified harbours.*" That is a most euphemistic way of saying that we allowed the German Fleet to hide behind the fortified rock island of Heligoland—*of which the politicians made the Kaiser a present.* Oh, dear me!

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

HOW PATRIOTIC INVESTORS ARE ENCOURAGED.

Here is a letter from a leading member of the London Stock Exchange:—

I send herewith a few instances of the way the Government or Bank of England, or both between them, lose the opportunity of obtaining money from the public. Yesterday I sent a cheque for £600 to the Bank at 2.30 (the Bank closes at 3) for Exchequer Bonds. The money was refused, and the message sent back, "Too late to-day." A brother broker tells me that at 12.45 *to-day* he took a banker's draft to the Bank of England for a £1,000 Treasury Bill. The money was refused, as it was after 12.30!!! My friend said, "Well, keep the money and let me have the Treasury Bill to-morrow, dated to-morrow." The reply was, "*Oh, no, we can't do business in that way.*" A client of mine in the country wanted a Two-year Treasury War Certificate for £1,000. They refuse to accept his cheque, although he does not want credit until the Bank gets the cash from the London (City) bank on which it is drawn. Personal application must be made by the buyer or his agent, and a banker's draft tendered. No commission is given by the Government or Bank, so a client must pay someone and trust him with the cheque to clear and the cash when cleared. I have in this case offered to do the necessary work free—but what a farce it is! My client, whose money wa srefused for the Exchequer Bonds yesterday, says that she will now buy Underground 4½ per cent. Bonds, which are free of income tax and thus pay 1 per cent. more than the Exchequer Bonds with *absolute* security. I enclose a printed form of application for Treasury Bills. Observe that a third of the paper is taken up with the absurd and formal "*I have the honour to be,*" *etc.* One client of mine who was intending to buy £5,000 has absolutely refused to do so because of this. He says it is a business transaction, and, whilst he is patriotic enough to subscribe, he is not going to "lick my Lords' boots."

We have submitted the matter to Mr. McKenna, who, of course, is in no way personally responsible for such bungling and waste, and we have reason to believe that, as the principal customer of the Bank of England, he will have a word with them on the subject.

The form referred to is printed on a quarto sheet, and states that the person signing it "begs" to apply for a desired number of £1,000, £5,000 or £10,000 Treasury Bills of a specified number of months' date, naming the sum which he is prepared to pay for them, the price per cent. having to be filled in very elaborately, "in words at length and in figures." The imposing document winds up with the crusty formula, so dear to the heart of the Government official, and occupying three lines of displayed type, "I have the honour to be, My Lords, your Lordships' most obedient Servant"!

BRAVE SOLDIER'S CRUEL FATE.

GRAVE OVERSIGHT BY MILITARY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES.

A good deal of melancholy interest has been aroused in Shrewsbury by the death of a soldier at the Prees Heath Hospital, in circumstances that should challenge the attention of the Military authorities. It seems that after several months' good service at the Front, the deceased, Private E. R. Donnell, was wounded in the head with shrapnel at the Battle of Loos, invalided home, and treated for a time at the Northampton General Hospital. During his stay in hospital several pieces of shrapnel were extracted from his head, and his general condition so much improved that a month or so ago, after a convalescent trip to Eastbourne and a short visit to his parents, he was transferred to the Prees Heath Camp, preparatory to returning to the Front. Unhappily, a more tragic fate was in store for him. All along he had complained of headaches, and one day, after a period of "sentry go" at the Camp, he was seized with a kind of fit, accompanied by violent delirium, and followed by fatal exhaustion. A *post-mortem* examination showed that death was due to the bursting of an abscess on the brain, the abscess containing a piece of loose bone from the original shrapnel wound, and a small bullet that had evidently been missed by the surgeons. Upon the facts before them the jury found the bald verdict that "Donnell had died from the effects of a wound in the head received in action in France"; but there were one or two items of evidence that seem to call for more pointed comment, if only in the interests of other soldiers who may stand in similar danger. In the first place, it seems not to have been denied that Donnell had repeatedly complained of pains in the head; but, unfortunately, no exact record of his injuries appears to have been sent from the Northampton Hospital to the Prees Heath Camp, the authorities there being thus unprepared for any such grave development as did in fact occur. Indeed, it was stated by Major Kynaston, the senior Medical Officer at Prees Heath, that the responsibility of reporting Donnell "fit for general service" lay with the Northampton Hospital, no more than the most cursory examination having taken place on his arrival at the camp. In these circumstances, the remark of a juryman that "if the medical record of the man had been sent on from Northampton, it would have been more satisfactory," was the mildest possible way of stating a conclusion that will command universal agreement. There were other disquieting suggestions; notably, the statement of the deceased's father that, during his son's fatal illness there were a nurse and seven soldiers in the room where he was lying, three of the men "sitting on the floor, eating out of basins." It is fair to say that to this allegation a half-hearted denial was given by the doctors, but the main issue is unaffected, and it is unpleasant to think that, under the military medical arrangements now obtaining, it is possible for a soldier, with a bullet in his head, to be passed for general field service, and set to duties fit only for healthy men, notwithstanding the fact that he complains of pain, and is unrecovered from a serious wound.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

The daily crowd of gazers grows
And great and greater waxes,
Let's hope McKenna's bank-book shows
A rebate off the taxes.

When facing our foes, the Irish "question"
Which everyone puts to himself,
Might now be treated, at L.G.'s suggestion,
By being placed up on the shelf.

The wily Germhun, long-eared swine,
On careless gossip thrives.
And chattering magpies, warmed by wine,
Lose many men their lives.

Complacent placemen, quite content
To treat "nous autres" as silly 'uns,
In fatuous schemes experiment
And cost us countless millions.

Muddle and mess, we must confess,
Diffuse a foul aroma,
But "Wait and See" will whitewashed be
By Hamilton and Cromer.

The motorist who of petrol fails
To get the usual quota,
Makes gee-gee smile as many a mile
He drags the immobile motor.

GIRLS, BEWARE!

BIG PROFITS AND SMALL RETURNS.

A peep behind the scenes at the "Academy and Rehearsal Theatre," run by Messrs. Graham and Co., at Manchester House, 295, Kennington Road, London, reveals the interesting fact that the principal manager of the concern, Mr. Robert Graham, was formerly in business elsewhere as an employment agent, until, for the best of reasons, his licence was revoked by the London County Council. For continuing to act as such an agent, he was duly fined £25 and costs. Our readers may recall the name, and they will not be surprised to learn that in respect of commercial honesty it stands no higher than when first we made the acquaintance of Mr. Robert Graham. In conjunction with a Mr. Charles Coventry, Graham works the "cinema lay," announcing "Plays, Revues, Scenarios, etc., produced by arrangement," his principal line being the collection of heavy fees from poor and pretty girls, on the pretence of training them as cinema actresses. Various attractive inducements are offered; generally there is a promise of highly paid employment at the end of the term of training; but, for obvious reasons, this undertaking is never reduced to writing, and pupils who pin their faith to it are doomed to grievous disappointment. A gentleman once intimately associated with Mr. Graham, in a burst of candour, stated recently that "not once in 15 years" had Messrs. Graham and Co. succeeded in "placing" a cinema actress; and, although the evidence of an accomplice is not always reliable, there is good reason to believe that in the present instance the unvarnished truth was spoken. Yet, in one case lately brought to our notice, a young lady had paid no less than £17 6s. 6d. to Messrs. Graham and Co. upon the strength of promises destined never to be realised, and for instruction which, for practical purposes, was of the very slightest value. The present activities of Mr. Robert Graham are presumably outside the purview of the L.C.C.; but there are other methods of redress open to his victims.

TRADE IN THE SNOWBALL STYLE.

"BARGAINS" OFFERED AT A GROWING PRICE.

We have received several complaints from readers regarding the artful trading methods of the Household Supply Co., of 3, Warwick Street, Manchester. The firm announces an "Extraordinary Sale" of "100 Valuable and Substantial Lines, All to be had for the Nominal Price of 1s. 3d. each only." You may have, for fifteenpence, a watch, gold ring, fancy cruet, wadded quilt, a dozen knives and forks, a pair of sheets or blankets, or any other desirable article chosen from an attractive list. So you make your choice, send up your 1s. 3d., and await results. Then the fun commences. You receive a circular saying how glad the firm is that you have taken advantage of their "wonderful offer," and telling you what the offer is. You must get four friends to order some article from the list, and each of the four must also send 1s. 3d. When this is done—when the Company has, therefore, received 6s. 3d.—your "bargain" will be sent to you. And a bargain will be sent to each of your friends when they, each of them, have secured four more friends apiece to send up four more one-and-threepences. It will be seen that the scheme is only the old "snowball" system. The "bargains" offered at 1s. 3d. are illusory, for none is supplied till 6s. 3d. has been paid—if you succeed in hauling four friends after you in the net in which you have been caught. What looks cheap at 1s. 3d. may be dear at 6s. 3d., and we advise our readers not to encourage the Household Supply Co.'s style of business. It would naturally be expected that by this time custom would have stated the more or less "infinite variety" of these short cuts to wealth on the part of ingenious get-rich-quick practitioners. However, our postbag bears eloquent testimony to the necessity for a further warning. Not the least regrettable feature is that a large proportion of those who have been beguiled into sending money are the wives of our soldiers and sailors, to whom every penny is of importance. We trust this paragraph will place them on their guard.

LAWLESS MAGISTRATES.

GRAVE INJUSTICE TO A WORKING WOMAN.

That a woman separated from her husband on account of his dissolute habits should be compelled to contribute from her scanty earnings to the support of the children of the marriage is a palpable injustice; yet a case of this kind is reported from a South Coast town, and on the facts stated it would appear that the local Magistrates have badly strained the law. It seems that there was never a legal separation between the parties; the woman, worn out by her husband's behaviour, simply left him, and went to work at a laundry, earning barely sufficient for her own maintenance. With the break-up of the home, the children—there were four of them—became chargeable to the Poor Law, and the father being in regular employment was ordered to contribute 10s. weekly towards their support. Up to this point everything was in order; but, not long ago, the Guardians, on account of increases in the cost of food, thought fit to raise the rates of contribution; then, instead of serving the extra demand upon the father, they "came down" upon the mother for 2s. 6d. a week, which, with her slender income, she was unable to pay without stinting herself of the barest necessities. Before the Magistrates, to whom the Guardians carried their application, the proceedings were first adjourned, the Clerk having "failed to find a precedent for such a case"; but, at a subsequent sitting, the Bench, who seem to have been singularly wanting in sympathy for the unhappy woman, actually made an order against her for the weekly 2s. 6d. Why the father had not been summoned for the amount seems never to have been satisfactorily explained, and we should be interested to know to what "precedent" the Magistrates can now point in support of a decision which seems to have been flatly illegal, as well as grossly unjust.

AN OFFICIOUS RAILWAY OFFICIAL.

BITTER COMPLAINT BY TWO SOLDIERS' WIVES.

Two good women, wives of soldiers, arrived at Aberdeen station to take train to visit their husbands, one of whom lies crippled at Aldershot. One woman held a baby and kept an eye on the luggage; the other bought the tickets. A porter collared the luggage and put it on the train, and the women were about to take their seats, when an official pushed them back and demanded to know whether they were travelling with soldiers' tickets. His attitude was such that the train went off with the luggage but without the two women, who complain most bitterly of the treatment they received. They wish to thank a Special Constable and another gentleman who tried to help them, but who only met with similar incivility. We do not suppose officials of the North British Railway have instructions to be rude to soldiers' wives, but the Company must not allow such women to be brow-beaten and reduced to tears. One of the women has two sons, as well as her husband, in the Army; the husband of the other, wounded at Loos, is probably crippled for life. It is unthinkable that they, or noble wives and mothers like them, should be subject to indignity at the hands of jacks-in-office on a railway platform.

THE THREE HORATIOS.

Who was it once upon the wave
Brought victory the land to save?
A sailor, modest, true, and brave—
Horatio (Nelson).

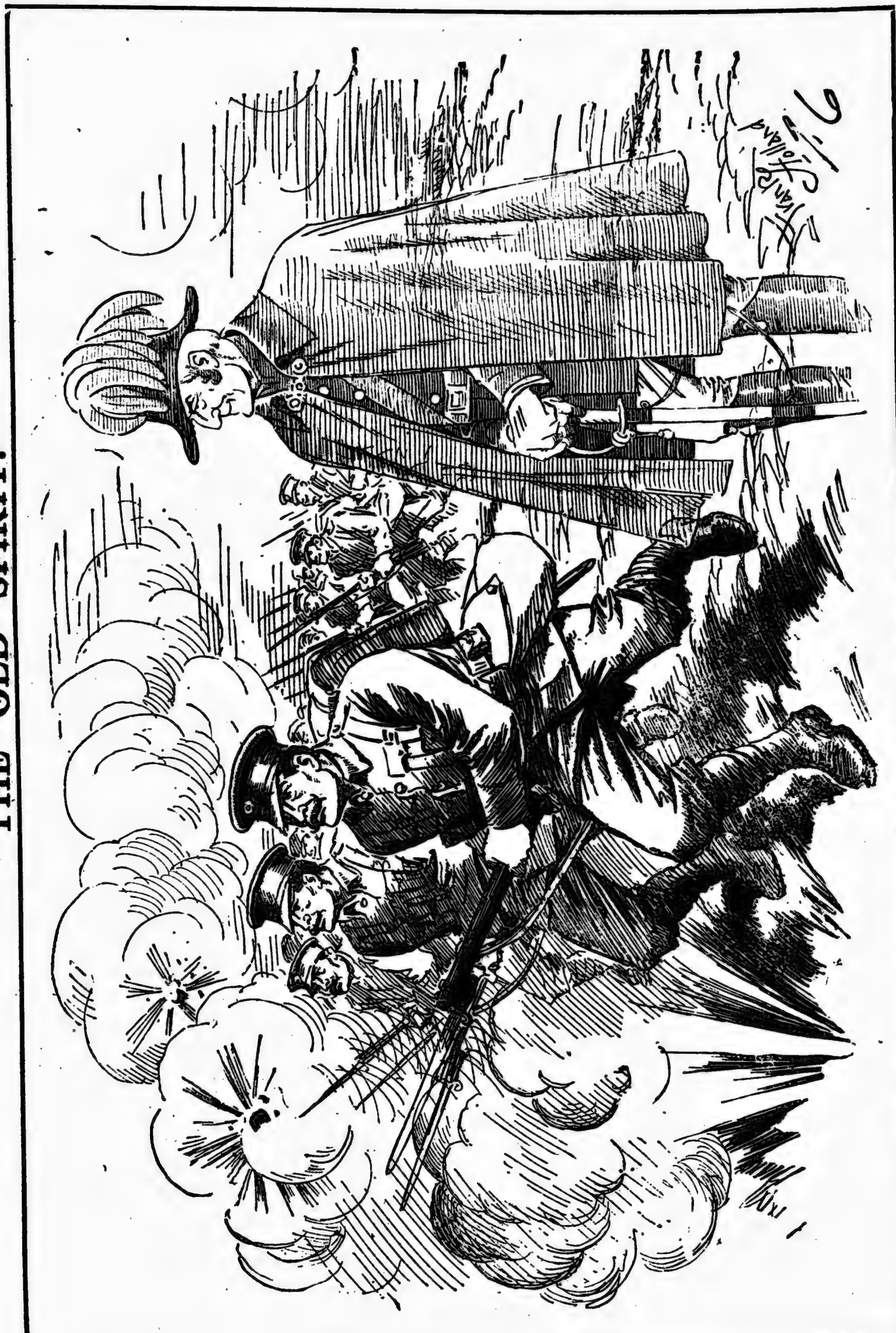
Who was it 'gainst the brutal Hun
Stepped in when they had almost won,
And found the man behind the gun?
Horatio (Kitchener).

Who is it strives to push JOHN BULL,
And trade from German hands to pull?
I hope his hands are not too full—
Horatio (?)

J. T. D.

The Soldier's Pocket Pal—the "John Bull" Pen.

THE OLD SPIRIT.



The Shade of the Duke of Wellington: "They may be a 'New Army,' but they're made of the same old stuff."

Armageddon's Second Anniversary.

A YEAR ago, I spoke of August 4th as the "Devil's Birthday." Now is the hour of our rejoicing. Not for us the penitential prayer, the "Day of Humiliation," as some of the clergy would have it. Hope is high in our hearts. All goes grandly in the West; victory has burst the clouds of doubt in the East. On this, the second anniversary of the birth of Armageddon, we raise our prayers to Heaven for delivery from the Great Peril. Conscious—deeply, sadly conscious—of the terrible cost of the victory now within our grasp; mourning the loss of the flower of our race, yet with our souls full of pride in the scroll of glory on which our sons have been writing new legends of Imperial greatness, we look to the inevitable and triumphant end of all the blood and tears and travail. Before the mighty hosts of the dead our voices are hushed; as with bowed heads we contemplate the ghostly ranks of the fallen brave, we can hear the spiritual choir singing in sweet antiphon, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Yes, they have been faithful to their God, their Country, and their King. And before we turn our thoughts to the story of these wonderful two years of world conflict, it is fitting that we should raise our glasses in a solemn and silent toast to the mighty dead.

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Nothing that any of us can say or write will cease the sobs or soften the blows of the bereaved. As we have approached the second anniversary of the great war, and have seen the victorious hosts of the Allies driving back the enemy in the West and making captives and killing in the East, we have seen, too, the awful glory of the Roll of Honour. Into thousands of homes in this inviolable England of ours, the Angel of Death has brought the shadow of his wings. When they seek their beds at night, when they rise for the "common round" of daily duties, there are the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts whose ears are painfully listening for the beating of his wings. There is the agony of bereavement; there is, too, the pang of presentiment. No one knows what an hour, what a minute, may hold in store. The post and the telegraph have become hateful. While the country cries out in its pride of the fighting men, women weep in secret, hiding their sorrow behind the uncomplaining bravery of their wonderful sex. For the men there is the fever and the glory of battle, the excitement of the rush upon the foe, the guerdon of the attempted made victorious, the magnificence of comradeship, the strength and confidence born of trusted leaders. And over all is the crash and roar of the chorus of Armageddon. But for the others—the sickening loneliness of the quiet hamlet, the terrible sense of being far away from all that makes life dear or the future worth living for! To all of them, in all humility and sincerity, I offer my poor words of comfort. I know they sound mean and of no account—but from the depths of my heart I sorrow with every sorrowing mother and grieve with every broken-hearted girl whose gallant lad has fallen that Britain may be free and the Empire reborn in its greatness. I look back over those two intervening years, and in the memory of what is past find our hope in what is to come. "Arms and the Man I sing." Yes, and to-day my heart is full of song. You who believe in me and have never faltered in that belief, know me for what I am—an unfailing, an unfaltering, an incurable Optimist. When the day has been darkest, when the great lowering clouds of defeat and delay have rolled across the sky of our Destiny, I have never insulted our Imperial traditions or the greatness of our race by doubting the ultimate issue. Let others conjure up the "Sinister Hypothesis" of Failure and make their vision hideous with the Monster of Defeat. Under the Hand of Providence we are the nation chosen by the deliberate design of our island isolation—nurtured by adventure in the wild spaces of the world—to be the strong, the adamantine People. Slow to move, yes; laggard in our anger, tolerant with the cold tolerance of the Northern race, we sought no quarrel, harboured no vengeance. But when the challenge came; when the blow from the Hun stung our pride, did violence to our sense of honour, made us guardians and champions of the lesser States—then all that is chivalrous and strong in our blood raised the flush of anger on the stern face of determination. We did not stop to count the cost; we did not wait to measure loss or gain; we, the People, bigger than Governments or Statesmen, seeing clearly our duty while rulers hesitated and factions delayed, raised the cry of "War!"

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A TEMPTING OFFER.

WANTED—A LADY WITH HALF A MILLION.

We have received the following letter from Messrs. Canottieri et Cie, of 4, Jardin d'Alsace-Lorraine, Nice. Would any lady reader with five or six hundred thousand pounds like to become Queen of—our poor nobleman's heart?

Sir,—I shall have the pleasure of interlaining you of a business I have had the opportunity to meet a gentleman who is the which, if we are successful, will prove valuable and interesting, last descendant of one of the most ancient and noble families of Europe, who, by the rights conferred by the Salic Law, ought to be at these days one of the twenty crowned heads of the ancient continent. It will be sufficient to tell you, as to the nobility of this family, that its genealogy begins with Pharamond King of the Franks in the a.d. 415, who was the first King of the Meroving family. Whilst one of its branches was ruling over many a possession in the Latin Countries, another dominated in Normandy, and many of its members where amongst the first commanders of the armies of William the Conqueror (as they were his relatives), during and after the invasion and Conquest of England. The proves of it, can be found in the Domesday Book compiled by order of W. the Conqueror, as they were Tenants in Capite, viz., they held lands direct from the Sovereign, further, in the History of Europe, in the genealogy of the family, published in many a book, and the last part of it, starting from 1685, has been lately established by The College of Arms of London, and can be found in the famous book by the Marquess of Rovigny, "The Nobilities of Europe." The gentleman in question, of whom allow me to keep the anonymity for the moment, is desirous to assert his sacred rights before the people of England and France, upon an immense rechess and a considerable power, all of whom has been stolen to his ancestors by a family used to pilfery and usurpation.

This gentleman is a widower, and is wealthy of himself, as he comfortably lives upon his income, but he is not rich enough to start the struggle and proceedings against the actual usurpator. He would like to re-marry with a lady of no matter what age, but of good family, and who can bring him a dowry of about 500,000 and 600,000 pounds (I say between five hundred and six hundred thousand pounds). If amongst your acquaintances or costumers you have a lady filling these conditions and who is desirous to become a Princess, Marchioness, etc., all titles belonging to the family, and thus enter amongst the highest European nobility, kindly communicate without delay with me. With Kindest regards,

Yours truly,

Albert Canottieri.

P.S.—I join a prochure.—The gentleman in question is the last-named: The Most Honorable George Frederick Grimaldi XI Marquess de Grimaldi. Of course, if we succeed we shall share the Commission, and if you cannot take the business up yourself I shall feel much obliged if you could tell me of good matrimonial Agents anywhere in the world especially in North and South America and in Switzerland.

We do not, of course, suggest that the Marquess de Grimaldi is in any way responsible for this effusion; but any lady reader desirous of becoming Marquise de Grimaldi may like to apply.

SISTERS AND SAINTS.

BY "A WOUNDED TOMMY."

The enemy bombards, I am soon hit. I lie in a battered dug-out till morning, when I am carried down to the field dressing station. On my way I see the havoc that has been wrought—dead comrades in our path, old bodies upturned. I call it Hell. But soon I find myself in hospital (Heaven it is to me), with a kindly Sister bending over, all smiles and trying to make me happy. My blood-stained clothes are taken from me, a new suit of linen is put on me, and I sleep, for I am so tired. The next morning I awake by a gentle tap on the shoulder; I look up. The Sister says, "It is time to wash, laddie." She washes me. All through the day she is there, ever on the go—no rest, always attending us like a mother. Now she dresses my wounds, with the skill and care that only a woman has, cleans my teeth, cuts my nails, brings me water, tucks me up, helps me in many a way. Next I am placed on a barge; there I find the Sisters just as hard working. Now I find myself in a hospital, more towards the base; here I find them just the same. A man dies of wounds, and as they carry him out I feel sorry for her, she looks so pitiful. The next place I am at is the Duchess of Sutherland's Hospital, and a fine place it is, fine Sisters, fine everything, and the Duchess does work—not afraid to spoil her hands. If only all the rich were like her, what a difference it would make. She has been out here since the war began. These are the women who deserve more praise—I say more praise and more praise for them. This is an appeal from all our wounded lads, don't let it go unheeded.

"THE ANTARCTIC BUBBLE."

THE OFFICIAL OPINION—AND OURS.

A good deal of controversy has been excited by our recent article under this heading, it being pointed out that the *Endurance* was actually sailing down Channel when war was declared. Sir Ernest Shackleton's plans had naturally been matured long before there appeared any possibility of war, but when the order was given for the mobilisation of the Royal Naval Reserve he wired the Admiralty tendering the services of the whole Expedition. It was, however, considered unnecessary to take advantage of this offer, and the vessel sailed at the express wish of the Admiralty and the King. Sir Ernest, we are assured, was heartbroken at having to leave for the Antarctic at such a time, but, as virtual trustee of a large amount of public money which had been spent on the preparations, felt it his duty to proceed. We give this explanation in justice to Sir Ernest, but still venture to think—although our view is opposed to that of Mr. Balfour, who recently likened these polar expeditions to the "peace-time victories" spoken of by the poet—that the work of "wresting from Nature her jealous secrets" (to use another phrase of the First Lord) is hardly worth the risk and expense—especially in war time. However, the responsibility for the matter seems to rest upon the Admiralty. As we have before observed, of Sir Ernest's courage no one can entertain the least doubt—and our only regret is that his ability and remarkable powers should be lost to the country in this, its hour of trial. Britain has need of all her sons, now as at no prior period of her history.

RACING NOTES.

By "The Squire."

So our poor attenuated racing season has had another day lopped off it, for one of Lingfield's days, that of Friday next, has been abandoned. I cannot for the life of me see why it behoves us all to be miserable because August 4th happens to be the second anniversary of our strike against tyranny. It is a red, not a black letter day in our history, and as such will be regarded in the years to be. But there it is, and Lingfield only gets its Saturday programme plus the Lingfield Park Stakes.

Writing as I do nearly a week before the fixture, and before even the acceptances have been declared for a couple of the handicaps, selection is difficult. The following, however, look likely:—Imberhorne Handicap—Macchanter; Lingfield Park Stakes—Fifinella; High-Class T.Y.O. Plate—Aleli*; Tandridge Court Handicap—Furore; Blackwell Hollow Plate—Reprisal.

The "Special," dealing fully with the meeting, will be published as usual, and can be obtained from Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C. (price 6d.).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for July 29th, 1916 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 127,428 and A374,164. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

Several correct claims have been received, particulars of which will be announced next week.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 29th:—

023,115	285,130	573,276	846,259	A124,476
047,234	296,562	581,394	863,134	A145,297
065,618	311,284	624,582	889,618	A159,840
089,253	327,936	657,621	894,639	A193,067
104,634	345,210	675,738	915,537	A230,685
132,016	392,074	696,543	972,980	A247,346
175,910	436,419	723,729	A000,635	A265,001
231,637	462,166	747,003	A001,394	A319,974
243,241	491,554	798,631	A065,457	A342,253
267,874	547,983	825,848	A092,528	A381,587

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 9th).

ANOTHER £5 PAID.

The copy of John Bull, dated July 15th, bearing the number 289,764, in respect of which a reward of £5 was offered in our issue of July 22nd, has been forwarded to us by K. Cowan, 5, Park Drive South, Whiteinch, Glasgow, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.

GREAT REDUCTION IN MEAT PRICES.

August 1916. **Carriage and Delivery Free.** **Subject to Market Fluctuations.**

TINLING'S MEAT LIST & ORDER FORM.

To Messrs. TINLING, DUFFIELD & Co., Ltd.,
1, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Telegrams—"TINLINGISM, AVE, LONDON."
Telephone—LONDON WALL 6110.

Please execute the following order, for which I / we enclose Cheque or Postal Order on account.

Rail to.....*Station for Delivery.*

REMITTED HEREWITH

BEEF.

ENGLISH BEEF.

	Weight about	Price per lb.	Cost. £	s.	d.
.....Rumps	30 lbs.	1/2½	1	16	3
.....Sirloins	32 ,,	1/2½	1	18	8
.....Fore Ribs	26 ,,	1/2½	1	11	5
.....Topsides	24 ,,	1/2½	1	9	0
.....Thick Flanks ..	20 ,,	1/1½	1	2	6
.....Silverside (Fresh) ..	20 ,,	1/1	1	1	8
.....Silverside (Salt) ..	20 ,,	1/1	1	1	8
.....Legs (Whole) ..	18 ,,	7d.	0	10	6

AMERICAN BEEF.

Weight about	Price per lb.	Cost. £	s.	d.
36 lbs.	1/-	1	16	0
40 ,,	1/0½	2	1	8
20 ,,	1/-	1	0	0
28 ,,	1/1½	1	11	6
24 ,,	1/0½	1	5	0
24 ,,	1/-	1	4	0
24 ,,	1/-	1	4	0
22 ,,	6½d.	0	11	11

MUTTON.

ENGLISH MUTTON.

	Weight about	Price per lb.	Cost. £	s.	d.
.....Whole Sheep ..	60 lbs.	1/1	3	5	0
.....Sides	30 ,,	1/1	1	12	6
.....Hind Quarter ..	14 ,,	1/3	0	17	6
.....Fore Quarter ..	15 ,,	1/1½	0	16	10½
.....Haunch	12 ,,	1/2½	0	14	6
.....Saddles	14 ,,	1/2½	0	16	11
.....Legs	9 ,,	1/3½	0	11	7½
.....Loins	7 ,,	1/3½	0	9	0½
.....Best End	6 ,,	1/1½	0	6	9
.....Whole Necks	8 ,,	1/1	0	8	8
.....Shoulders	8 ,,	1/1½	0	9	0

N. ZEALAND MUTTON.

Weight about	Price per lb.	Cost. £	s.	d.
80 lbs.	11d.	3	13	4
40 ,,	11d.	1	16	8
18 ,,	1/0½	0	18	9
17 ,,	11d.	0	15	7
—	—	—	—	—
15 ,,	1/-	0	15	0
10 ,,	1/1½	0	11	8
8 ,,	1/-	0	8	0
7 ,,	1/0½	0	7	8½
6 ,,	11½d.	0	5	9
9 ,,	1/-	0	9	0

LAMB.

ENGLISH LAMB.

	Weight about	Price per lb.	Cost. £	s.	d.
.....Whole Lambs ..	44 lbs.	1/3½	2	16	10
.....Sides	22 ,,	1/4½	1	10	3
.....Hind Quarter ..	10 ,,	1/3½	0	12	11
.....Fore Quarter ..	11 ,,	1/1½	0	12	4½
.....Legs	6 ,,	1/4½	0	8	3
.....Loins	5 ,,	1/4½	0	6	10½
.....Shoulders	4½ ,,	1/-	0	6	0
.....Best Ends	4 ,,	1/4½	0	5	6
.....Whole Necks ..	7 ,,	1/1½	0	7	10½
.....Saddles	7 ,,	1/4½	0	9	7½

NEW ZEALAND LAMB.

Weight about	Price per lb.	Cost. £	s.	d.
40 lbs.	11½d.	1	18	4
20 ,,	11½d.	0	19	2
10 ,,	1/2	0	11	8
10 ,,	11½d.	0	9	7
5 ,,	1/2½	0	6	0½
5 ,,	1/2	0	5	10
4 ,,	1/2	0	4	8
4½ ,,	1/3	0	5	7½
5 ,,	11d.	0	4	7
10 ,,	1/2	0	11	8

Delivery is given effect to at our Stores in London (or Liverpool for Northern Towns), and the Goods are Railed on Purchaser's behalf, free of Carriage to Station of destination, and forwarded free to Purchasers within the Station delivery radius.

£ s d.

SUNDRIES.

.....**American Frozen Topsides Beef, about 30 lbs. (available from time to time only) at 11d. per lb. £1 7s. 6d.**
.....**Salt Rounds of Beef, Boneless, about 30 lbs., at 1/0½ per lb. £1 11s. 3d.** .. ..
.....Frozen Boned Beef, case of about 100 lbs. £4 11s. 8d., being 11d. per lb. .. ..
.....Frozen Boned Beef, portion of about 33 lbs. £1 11s. 8d., ,, 11½d. ,, ...
.....Ox Livers, about 10d. per lb. .. ..
.....Frozen Sheeps Hearts, about 4d. each .. ..
.....Suet Beef, 9d. per lb. .. ..

NET AMOUNT OF CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER HEREWITH .. .. £

NO DISCOUNT.

Name.....

Address .....

Date..... *Signature* .....

Any excess or shortage of weights between the estimate and the actual amount sent, to be charged or allowed for, as the case may be.

Tear this out and send it with remittance to Tinling, Duffield & Co., Ltd.....
Bankers: LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LTD., 126, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 21.

"Ready-at-once" DISHES for shorthanded Housewives.

Bird's Custard and tinned FRUIT (or dried).

There's less time than ever for cooking in these days! But you have in Bird's Custard and fruit, a series of delicious "ready-at-once" dishes.

For instance, a tin of Pineapple Chunks—the children's favourite—or ½ lb. of dried Apricots, stewed, served with Bird's Custard. There is no dish more delightful than this combination for lunch, dinner or supper.

Nothing equals Bird's Custard with fruit, and it is made to perfection in one minute. Its egg-like creaminess and exquisite flavor indicate not only purity but real nutriment.

Try one of these Bird's Custard and Fruit dishes to-day. The flavor of the luscious fruit syrup with Bird's Custard is a revelation!

Sold by all Grocers in packets, boxes and large tins. C1370

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Blood and Skin Sufferers

THOUSANDS CURED. FREE MEDICAL TREATISE.

A Matron writes July 3rd, 1916:—

"I have been a sufferer of Eczema for a number of years, my skin being covered with Eruptions, and having tried almost every remedy from time to time without any good result.

"I have used the supply of Domigo Tablets, Ointment and Soap which you sent me, I am now writing to say that I consider myself cured, so that I shall not require any further Tablets or Ointment, but shall be glad if you will send three more tablets of soap, as I think it is so refreshing."

DOMIGO cures all cases of Eczema, Ulcers, Lupus, Sores, Psoriasis, Piles, Sycosis, etc. Medical Treatise and special expert advice FREE to all who write, giving particulars, to The Domigo Company (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

Domigo Tablets, 5/- per box; Ointment, 2/3; Skin soap, 9d. per tablet, at Boots', or Direct Post Free.

GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT ON THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

THE

COMING TRADE WAR

BY

Thomas Farrow and W. Walter Crotch,

Authors of "How to Win the War."

LT.-COL. SIR WILLIAM EARNSHAW COOPER says:—"Your book is one that should be in the hands of every man and woman of British birth."

Of all Booksellers and Libraries.

Price 2/6 Nett.

London: CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd. A. M. & CO.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

THE IRISH HITCH.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: There is only one quotation in Shakespeare applicable to you in this connection, Herbert.

MR. ASQUITH.: What is that, David?

LLOYD GEORGE: It is from "Macbeth," and runs: "Oh, infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers."

ASQUITH: Well, I *gave* you the daggers.

LLOYD GEORGE: And then proceeded to blunt them. You wanted to settle this Irish question, didn't you?

ASQUITH: Of course.

LLOYD GEORGE: Then why, in Heaven's name, have you made a hash of my efforts at the last moment? Your indecision and weakness are becoming more apparent day by day.

ASQUITH: I would advise you to choose your expressions a little more carefully, George. You must surely know that where strength of purpose is concerned I am like iron.

LLOYD GEORGE: Bah! You remind me more day by day of the traditional lath painted to look like iron. You got rid of Lord Selborne when he objected to the proposed terms of the Irish settlement, but apparently are afraid to touch other wilful obstructionists such as Lord Lansdowne.

ASQUITH: Afraid! *Who's* afraid? Let me tell you I am afraid of nothing.

LLOYD GEORGE: Then let me tell you it is only a fool who is afraid of nothing. You are afraid of the opinion of the British public, are you not?

ASQUITH: I respect it, but am not afraid of it. Moreover, I am perfectly capable of controlling it.

LLOYD GEORGE: Don't you make any mistake on that score. Your hold upon the people is not so strong as you imagine it to be. From the time the war started, when you made your dramatic announcement about "sticking at nothing" to win it, the value of your stock has steadily declined. On the contrary, the value of mine has risen.

ASQUITH: It was low enough at one time, God knows!

LLOYD GEORGE: Never mind about that. The great thing is that I have won the respect and confidence—I might almost say the affection—of a public which at one time had nothing but abuse for me. You asked the country to "wait and see." I asked the country to *work* to finish the war quickly. Why did you ask me to take the Irish trouble in hand?

ASQUITH: Because—er—because—er—

LLOYD GEORGE: I'll tell you. Because you knew I had gained the confidence of all parties worth considering by reason of my energetic handling of the munitions problem. And yet you stultify my efforts to square up matters in Ireland by giving way once more to your characteristic hesitancy and indecision. I tell you, Asquith, unless you support me as I am entitled to be supported—against the whole of the rest of the Cabinet, if need be—I shall place my grievance before the country. And you know what the result of that would be? I should simply step into your shoes!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

DR. MACNAMARA.

Jest set 'ere, if you don't mind, sir. . . . *Not much orf?* W'y not, sir? I should 'ave thought you would 'ave bin keen on followin' the prevailin' military fashion—clippers orl over the 'ead till you looks like a bloomin' convict, followed by a dry razer scrape round the back o' the neck. . . . You think *the 'air should be cut to soot the shape of the 'ead an' face?* So it should, sir. But the military don't look at it like that. They may 'ave their reasons, an' good ones, fur robbin' the pore soljer of 'is 'ard-earned 'air, so ter speak, but I reckon there's a 'appy mijium. The human 'air wot's bin cut orf since the wore started is somethink shockin'. Tons an' tons of short clippin's from soljers' 'eads 'ave fallen despised to the flore. . . . *Wicked waste of useful material?* No, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, sir. Lots of people 'ave rum ideas as to wot waste is. Sometimes wot looks like waste on the surface, so ter speak, ain't waste in reality. But chew carn't drive thet into the 'eads o' some people. Thet's a queschun thet bloke Dr. Macnamara made a fool of 'isself over the other day. . . Wot's the matter, sir? I'm not aware as I nipped yer. . . . *Wot's my complaint against Dr. Macnamara?* W'y, 'e sed in the 'Ouse the other day that wore wos waste, an' gave that as a reason fur practising national erconomy. You carn't expeck people to erconomise fur the sake of carryin' on a wore w'ich they are told is waste. Wot 'e ought to 'ave sed wos that by goin' short a bit jest now we should make certain of a thunderin' good *h*interest out of a tremenjous but profitable *h*enterprise if it comes orf orl right. 'E might jest as well 'ave sed it is waste of coal to burn it in a locomotive passenger ingin. The coal 'as ter be bought with gold an' is burnt away to cinders an' ashes an' smoke. But it makes the train move on its road. The same with wore. There's a waste of men an' munitions an' so on, but that wastage 'elps the train of civilization on its bloomin' way, an' is more then justified. There ain't no doubt Germany 'as bin actin' like a blinkin' obstruction on the road to true progress an' human freedom an' 'appiness. Well, if by shovin' on more coals in the shape of men an' material we are able to shove the obstruction on one side, that ain't waste, it's a dummed good investment. Coals costs money, an' so does men an' munitions. It's the same thing. But if you tells people that the wore is simply waste an' nuthink more, an' then arsks them to erconomise so as to be able to carry it on, it's like arskin' them to ack like ruddy fools. S'pose a bloke wot 'ad a potted meat fact'ry wanted more capital to make 'is bizness a success, 'e wouldn't start gittin' it by explainin' that no sooner wos 'is stuff turned out then it was wasted by bein' eaten, that wouldn't be the best way of persuadin' people to erconomise so as to invest in 'is concern, would it? . . . There you are, sir, as spick an' span as I can make yer. Thank you, sir. Good mornin', sir.

THE NEW BEAUTY BATH I DISCOVERED IN NEW YORK.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the famous French Actress, tells how to obtain a beautiful clear skin, and what to do for tired, aching calloused feet or other bad foot troubles.

Also divulges a stage secret for benefit of over-fat readers and explains how anyone can prepare the wonder-working oxygenated baths at a cost of about 5d. each.

New York is a great city—every time I go there I think it more so, for one is always finding something new and very good there. During my other visits I learned much that was interesting, but this last time I made the most wonderful discoveries of all. It was in New York, strange to say, that I first learned of a most wondrous bath compound which you originated here in England, and the best quality always comes from here. It is all the rage in New York, and of course easily obtained at small cost from your chemist. But why do so few, except physicians and specialists, know about it here? *C'est extraordinaire!* You merely ask for about half-a-pound of common Reudel Bath Saltrates, and always use just a little to soften your wash-water, and never have your bath prepared without a small handful being dissolved in it. If you wish to keep your complexion you must not touch it with plain hard water. The lime ruins any skin in no time. The ordinary refined Reudel Bath Saltrates, which most chemists here keep put up in half-pound packets, will make the water just like at the famous continental spas, and the water is at once filled with oxygen, which you can feel acting on your skin. I find it, oh! so fragrant, refreshing, and—invigorating is the word, is it not? The skin becomes *re: lisse*, so clear and beautiful. When the feet are tired, aching or calloused, and a little swollen from walking, tennis or dancing, a saltrated foot-bath quickly relieves these, and, I am told, even more painful foot troubles. I am telling you a secret of the theatrical profession. I have also heard that if you are getting just a wee bit too fat, about four times the usual quantity of these Reudel Saltrates in very hot baths will soon make you slim and dainty once more, but I know a small handful never has any reducing effect. Many women lack the slim, dainty lines required by present styles in dress and footwear. This reducing hint is for them.

Gaby Deslys

For the hair use Scpalias Shampoo.—ADVT.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 6½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

GRAVE DANGER OF VARICOSE VEINS

STARTLING STATEMENTS.

"Varicose Veins sometimes lead to Sudden Death.

"A Varicose Vein becomes swollen and distended. Then perhaps the sufferer meets with an accident. He slips, cuts, or bumps his leg, and the swollen vein bursts, and before medical assistance can reach him (perhaps the accident occurs during a country walk, far from any doctor) the unfortunate man may bleed to death."

These startling statements were made recently by Mr. D. M. Cooper, the famous expert, who has given years to the study of Varicose Veins.

"I wish to warn people most emphatically," he said, "against neglecting to take steps to relieve and cure their Varicose Veins. The light way some people treat this complaint is really deplorable. They seem to think it is a minor matter. It is not. A varicose condition of the veins is a most serious complaint. Sometimes it leads to fatal results. Even when this does not happen, it often leads to Ulceration and agonising pains. And it always has a most depressing condition on the health, interfering with the circulation and indirectly bringing about many obscure nervous and blood disorders.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS USELESS

"The ordinary elastic stocking," Mr. Cooper continued, "is worse than useless. By pressing on the affected part it often aggravates the trouble. The only real *scientific* support for Varicose Veins is the new 'Spirastic' Support. This gives uniform support without dangerous pressure, and so strengthens the parts that ultimately a complete and permanent cure is assured."

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED

"Spirastic" Supports are woven throughout in *one* piece, and thousands of people are finding in them a vast improvement on the old-fashioned elastic stocking. They are most comfortable, they fit like a glove, they do not pinch or wrinkle, and eventually they bring about a complete cure. Also they last longer than the old-fashioned stocking. Send to-day for Free Illustrated Descriptive Book to Mr. Cooper, or call and see Mr. Cooper personally any day (except Saturday) for free consultation from 11 to 1, and from 2 to 3.

Cut along this line.

To Mr. D. M. COOPER,
Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances.
Dept. VV., Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me full particulars of your complete and permanent cure of Varicose Veins.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD.
For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. Packed in handy metal case for the vest pocket. Send a P.O. for 2/6 now and receive a full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Department 33) Birmingham.

Free Sample sufficient to prove sent on receipt of postcard.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

An ex-soldier wrote to us, stating that he could not live upon air—and we quite believed him. He is out in civil life once more, fitted only for the very lightest employment. He succeeded in having his name placed on a long waiting list, and it will, therefore, be some time before he can obtain work. In the meantime, he has four children, and was very grateful for the help we were able to afford.

We would point out that the War Pensions Statutory Committee recently set up to help Service people have branches all over the Kingdom; the names and addresses of the local Secretaries may be obtained at any Town Hall or Post Office. The Committee have power to supplement separation allowances when need is shown; they provide for the training of the disabled and for the care of their health, and assist widows and children when the Army and Navy pensions are inadequate. This body is also empowered to advance money while applications for pensions are being considered. The headquarters are at 22, Abingdon Street, Westminster, S.W.

The too-common story—a soldier's uninsured child dead, and the mother unable to raise the money to bury it until she applied to us. We had seven such cases during the last week.

"I am writing to see if you can give me a little help to bury my husband. My two sons are away—one in the Army, the other in the Navy. I am 65 years old, and cannot go out to work." Here again we arranged for decent sepulture.

A man dressed as a scarecrow came to us. After telling us that he was an American, who paid his way from the States to fight for us, he said that, having lost his health owing to service, he had been discharged, with a good character, as medically unfit. Unfortunately, his discharge paper did not bear this out, it being endorsed "Claims discharge as an American citizen." It may have been wrong of the Quartermaster to fix him up with the outfit he stood in; but as the case was hardly one for our fund, we sent him to an American charitable organisation.

Discharged from the Service in March last, a poor fellow has continued to be in bad health, and has been able to work only five days during that period. He has a family of three small children. His struggle was a hard one, but we made it easier for him.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Won't *You* Help?

"X.Y.Z.," £1; F. E. L., 4s.; M. N., 6d.; "Cardross Shore," 2s.; "Sergeants' Mess, 54th Divisional Train," 4s.; F. R., 10s.; A. E. G., 10s.; M. A. S., 2s.; "Letter No. 605," 1s.; "Three Fighting Tommies," 10 francs; "An Irish Woman," 5s.; "Some of the Boys of the 'Caterpillars'" (B.E.F.), 10 francs; C. F. W. (East Grinstead), £2 2s.; "Greengrocer," 2s. 4d.; J. W. (Tonyrefail), 1s.; F. V. G., 1s.; M. S. S., 1s.; A. C. P., 1s.; "A Regular Reader from Devon," 1s. 6d.; J. L., 1s.; "Best Wishes," 1s.; Mrs. W., 1s.; F. C. G., £1; "An Admirer of John Bull in Glasgow," 2s. 6d.; I. H. P., 10s.; "One of the Rejected," 4d.; Mrs. and Mr. S. J. B (Johannesburg). £1; "Frebla," 5 francs; W. D. C. (Maidstone), 1s.; S., 1s.; Anon., 6d.; "Australoo," 1s.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; "Jack in Office," 1s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund," £2; W. J. M., 1s.; M. R. (Squirrel's Heath), 1s.; T. W. H., £4; A. N., 5s.; "One Too Many," 1s. 6d.; N. C. (East Sheen) 5s.; M. P. C., 5s.; R. G., 2s.; W. H. (Heslington), 4s. 6d.; H. O., 1s.; F. O., 6d.; H. N. S., 6d.; G. W. B., 1s; "Robin" (Southampton), 2s.; G. F. T. (Exeter), £1; "Staff of s.s. *Telena*," £2 9s. 10d.; C. C. (S. Rhodesia), 10s.; "Dicky," 2s. 6d.; J. A. N., 1s.; H.M.S. *Thistle*, £2 15s.; M. A. T., 1s.; A. McC., 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 3d.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; G. W. S. (Norway), 5s.; "An Anxious Widowed Mother," 1s.; T. F., 2s. 6d.; A. F. W., 1s.; "Kiwi," 5 francs; G. P., 2s. 6d.; "Mercy" (Blackpool), 5s.; "Two Yorkshire Girls," £2; B. M. A., 2s.; Mrs. B. D., 1s.; S. C. (Mon), 1s.; C. H., 1s.; "Artificer," 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; C. L. K., 2s. 11d.; "Labourer" (Elswick), 1s.; "R.N.V.R.S.W.S., Chelmsford Section" (4th contribution), 10s. 6d.; B. H., 1s 6d.; W. S. (S. Africa), 14s. 6d.; L. P., 1s.; "A Constant Reader," 1s.; J. B. (Newhaven), 1s.; W. H. I. (Worcester), 1s.

Mr. H. J. Dyer, the winner of the first prize in our 196th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

We regret to note the increase in the number of discharged men who are well fitted for employment, but are "work-shy" and live by going from fund to fund. Hundreds of them make a shot at our fund weekly; but we exercise the special facilities we have for testing their cases and invariably detect the attempted imposture. The production of a discharge certificate is not necessarily a proof of hardship, and the demands of cases of genuine unavoidable distress make it impossible for us to support lazy men in idleness.

Shoals of men are sent out of the Service suffering from "nerves" and epilepsy. They are among the most genuine distressed and their case is hard, as employers invariably reject them when they apply for work. They represent a large proportion of the applicants for our assistance.

We are aware that there is great suffering here and there in Durham, Sunderland and other places, notwithstanding the commercial activities due to the war. But the worst cases are not always those who write to us for help, particularly from the first-mentioned city. Will the growing army of undeserving applicants please note?

One of the numerous ex-Tommies who are forced to take quarters in Rowton Houses paid us a visit. He had tried hawking for a livelihood, but failed. In his consumptive condition he easily broke down, and he was much upset by the attentions of the official chuckers-out in the public houses where he endeavoured to vend his studs and bootlaces. The poor fellow had no money, and had sold his shirt for food. We did not send him empty away.

A bluejacket was sent ashore, suffering from the effects of last winter in the North Sea. He was hard up, having only the minimum pension—and we made him snug. He has a wife and two healthy mites.

FOR WOMEN WHO SUFFER

FROM

HEADACHES—BILIOUSNESS—CONSTIPATION.

For women who suffer from those ills which follow when the digestive organs have lost their tone and strength—for the many women who find their household or other duties a burden, because of indigestion, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, or the like, the most helpful advice that can be given is:—Restore your stomach, liver and bowels to regular, thorough working order, and these results of digestive disorder will pass away *naturally*.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The experience of thousands testifies to the fact that no other remedy so quickly or so surely restores tone and vigour to the digestive organs as the stomach and liver tonic, Mother Seigel's Syrup. The medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup act directly, but gently, upon these organs, restoring their tone and activity so that they can do the work required of them, regularly and efficiently. During the past fifty years Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved a real friend to hundreds of thousands of men and women who have suffered from stomach and liver troubles, and because women are more liable to such troubles than men, it is particularly *their* friend! Test it for yourself to-day!

IS RECOMMENDED

BY THOUSANDS OF FORMER SUFFERERS.

Prices, 1s. 3d. and (treble size) 2s. 9d.

Drink British Lager

J. & R. Tennent, Ltd., Glasgow, London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, are the proprietors of Tennent's Lager Beer. The firm was founded 176 years ago at Glasgow. In that same building Messrs. Tennent employ upwards of 1,000 British subjects. The capital of the firm is British. They buy British barley, British hops, British corks, and other British materials.

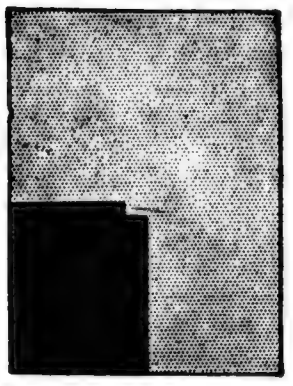
Tennent's is the best Lager that is brewed. Try a bottle to-day.

TENNENT'S LAGER BEER

Beer at its Best.

A Message to Mothers

Babies Fed on Glaxo.
Showing the small percentage of deaths from Summer Diarrhœa.
Mortality rate, 4 per 1,000



Babies Fed Otherwise.
Showing the alarmingly high percentage of deaths from Summer Diarrhœa.
Mortality rate, 232 per 1,000

The summer of 1911 was the hottest we had had for 54 years, and Summer Diarrhœa had a regular harvest. There was one town where they saved babies, though the same sun was just as fierce there as elsewhere, and this, too, in spite of it being a densely populated manufacturing town—Rotherham.

In the Annual Health Report for 1912, appears the following:—

"During the month of September 240 babies under one year were fed on Glaxo, and only one died. This gives an infantile mortality rate of 4 per 1,000 births. . . .

"Amongst the remainder—about 160—37 died, which yields an infant mortality rate of 232 per 1,000 births."

Glaxo

By Royal Appointment to the Court of Spain.
By Royal Appointment to the Court of Italy.
Awarded Gold Medal, International Medical Congress, 1913.
1s., 2s., 5s. vessels, of all Chemists and Stores.

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Ask your Doctor!

Post This Coupon For Free Glaxo Baby Book—To-day

The Illustrated Glaxo Baby Book of 96 pages, 9¾ ins. by 7¾ ins., will be gladly sent to you on receipt of a penny stamp for postage. The story it tells is one that intensely interests every father and mother, for it is all about that fascinating and lovable little person, Baby. Send in the Coupon for your copy to-day.

Proprietors: Joseph Nathan and Co., Ltd., London and Wellington, N.Z.

To GLAXO, Dept. 36, 155, Great Portland Street, W.

Please send me by return the 96-page Glaxo Baby Book. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

Chemist's Name .....

Address .....

N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon, a large Trial vessel of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book.

16086. *John Bull*, 5.8.16.

"I confided in Connie—

"I told her what we'd actually spent on furnishing our home. Do you know at first she'd hardly believe that all our beautiful things could have been bought for so little? It wasn't till I got out the 'Midland' catalogue and showed her in black and white just what the price of everything was that I convinced her."

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

In the "Midland" Salons you get over £100,000 worth of superb furniture to choose from. Every price is marked in plain figures. The more closely you examine both the prices and the furniture itself, the more clearly will you realise that if you want to furnish your home really well *and economically*, the best place to go to is the "Midland."

Write to-day for the 'Midland' Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Dining Room Suite of distinctive design, soundly constructed of Fumed Oak, consisting of large Sideboard with inlaid panels; 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. Gate-leg Table; and 4 small Chairs and 2 Carvers with seats covered in Rexine of any colour, **£13 13s. 0d.**

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

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10% Discount for Cash.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland," customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

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Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays 9 till 1.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Muddling Again.

Very naturally, the Army Pay machine went out of gear when the weight of the new armies was thrown on to it; but by dint of hard work night and day it was made perfect, and now reflects much credit on Sir C. Harris and all concerned. Evidently the department was too efficient for somebody at the War Office—some meddlesome person in which recently issued an order that no emergency clerk may be employed without the sanction of the Department. This, of course, means that when a Paymaster wants additional help he must cut through circumlocution and red tape to obtain it, and it is not surprising that we have received complaints from several Paymasters on the subject. They tell us that, owing to the delays caused by the order, it is impossible to keep pace with the work. This is a matter that we should like to see remedied.

Peel House Puritans.

Our Colonial soldiers complain to us concerning a circular issued by the Victoria League and the Peel House Club. According to the circular,—London—north, south, east and west—swarms with thieves, harpies, and worse, whose one aim is to collar the Colonial soldier and rob and ruin him. The series of warnings concludes with these words: "If you ignore these hints, the word 'London' may conjure up hideous memories during the whole of your after life." A deputation of mixed Colonials called upon us to protest against this wide-flung condemnation, and to tell us of the royal good time the people of London have invariably given them. They say that their memories of their visit will not be "hideous," but always pleasant. We are glad to know it.

The Censor at Large.

The other day the parents of an officer in France received an intimation that their son had been dangerously wounded and was in an English hospital. They immediately wired to him, "Good luck, laddie. Get better quickly. Wire condition. Fondest love. Mother, Dad." The telegram was accepted at West Bromwich, but was refused at Birmingham—"Mother" and "Dad" evidently being suspect words! When the full Christian and surnames of the father were substituted the wire was allowed to go through. Possibly the offending words were the code used to give the Huns the tip when and where we intended to proceed with our big push!

Commercial Colonels.

There are many get-rich-quick Commanding Officers in the Service, and they are growing fat on their commercial commissions. One favourite game is to "advise" their junior officers to purchase their kits from particular tailors. We hear now of a regiment in India which purchased and brewed its own tea, naturally buying in the cheapest market. The Colonel stepped in and ordered the men to patronise a particular tea merchant—with the result that the soldiers are now heavily out of pocket. Who gave the C.O. power to issue this order?

Born Lucky.

As we have remarked, excellent officers are "Stellenboshed" on unfair secret reports; others are more lucky. Here is a specific instance. A subaltern committed a serious civil offence, but the case was taken from the hands of the police and placed before a court-martial, with the result that the defendant got off. When about to be sent to other fields, he went round the neighbourhood and cashed "dud" cheques. The fleeced traders complained to the regimental authorities; but the "officer and gentleman" is still in the Service. We must watch next month's Army List to see if he has been allowed to remain there. If so, we shall have something to say.

Compulsory Inoculation.

According to Regulations, vaccination and inoculation of soldiers is a voluntary matter, and no man can be compelled to undergo the debatable operation. At the same time, Commanding Officers in general put the screw on their men to compel them to face the ordeal—the following Order, issued in a provincial battalion in Kent, being the favourite form of pressure: "1072. Leave: Recruits who have not been inoculated will not be granted leave in any circumstances." Why not make the use of the lymph compulsory by Regulation and be done with it?

Where is Justice?

We have before us particulars of the case of a man who had to enter a Military Hospital. A notice was sent to his wife stating that he was a deserter, and her money was stopped. The poor fellow in due course came out of hospital—and was arrested and sent to gaol for four days! Then the mistake was discovered, and his wife received a letter from the Record Office stating, "I much regret that owing to an error your husband was considered to be a deserter. The hospital authorities failed to send the usual notification that your husband had been admitted, and consequently his whereabouts were unknown. However, the matter has now been put in order, and I trust you have not suffered any inconvenience." The poor woman was left without money and caused great agony of mind, and her husband is cast into gaol, all through the failure of a hospital officer—but there is apparently to be no redress. Will the authorities kick out whoever was guilty of this culpable negligence? To our knowledge, the bulk of the distress caused to our soldiers' wives is due to the apathy and carelessness of hospital and recruiting officers who deserve to be stripped of their uniforms and ducked in the horse-pond, before being thrown out to earn their living as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:—

Pte. J. Pearce, 2018, 2 Coy., 1st Manchesters, 3rd Lahore Div.; Pte. A. O'Reilly, 21593, 8th Royal Dublin Fusiliers; Rfn. F. H. Ashton, 3655, 5 Platoon, B Co., Queen Victoria Rifles; Pte. C. E. Selby, 793, C Co., 15th West Yorks Regt.; Pte. J. Murphy, D Co., 18th Infantry Brigade, I.E.F.; Rfn. H. S. Fatharley, 4115, 12th London Regt.; Driver A. Coe, 57991, V Battery, R.H.A.; Pte. J. Bate, 5562, 8th Q.R.W.S., Sgt. G. A. Melford, 1003, D Co., 12th Y. and L. Regt.; Rfm. R. G. Cole, 4875, B Co., Queen Victoria Rifles; Pte. D. Bennett, 4328, 1st Batt., Queen's Westminsters; Pte. R. MacCaskill, A 29230, 7th Batt. Canadians; Rfn. R. L. Brown, 4002, Post Office Rifles; Driver W. Branton, 1330, 1st Nth. Mid. Brigade, R.F.A.; L/Cpl. A. Batty, 19824, No. 4 Co., Royal Innis. Fusrs.; Pte. A. E. Yates, 4777, London Scottish; Pte. E. W. Kearse, 19679, 5th Royal Berks Rgt.; Pte. R. Valmond, 23361, 9th Worcesters; Rfn. W. Bailey, 1289, B Co., 16th Rifle Brigade; Pte. A. H. Everett, 19439, 2nd Suffolks; Pte. P. Savage, 3256, D Co., 7th Leinster Rgt.; 2nd. Lieut. G. S. D. Carver, 2nd Devon Regt.

Your
Friend on Active Service
Send him a regular supply of "DE RESZKE" Cigarettes—he's worthy of the very best. Buy them yourself and post the parcel with your own hands—then you know they are bound to reach him safely.
Sold everywhere

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

A ZEPTO PENCIL removes tartar and all discolouration, costs ninepence, lasts months. *Keeps your teeth pearly white.*
All Chemists, or T. Christy, J.B., Old Swan Lane, E.C.
"ZEPTO" ZEPTO ANTISEPTIC TARTAR REMOVER

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"BOTTOMLEY *v.* CHURCHILL."—We have to acknowledge an enormous number of congratulatory letters upon the result of the first and second rounds of our journalistic duel with the late First Lord of the Admiralty.

T. E. C. (London).—Your suggestion that we should publish extracts from the bestial Diary of Roger Casement is quite impracticable.

R. J. M. (Kimberley).—Time has disposed of your prophecy that Mr. Lloyd George "will probably feel reluctant to become Minister of War." We don't think Mr. Lloyd George would feel reluctant even to become the whole Cabinet.

H. G. E. (Gateshead).—We agree that the "no holiday" cry may be overdone. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; also his master.

"TRAVELLER" (Wimbledon).—"Please don't give us an overdose of Haldane and Cocoa. You know some other beauties." 'Tis true, 'tis a pity; pity 'tis 'tis true!

"PATRIOT" (London).—As you say, a list of the British shareholders in Germhun industries—Krupps, for instance—might reveal "the Hidden Hand." Perhaps the British officials at present administering the affairs of the Deutsche Bank in London will oblige?

"ENGLISHWOMAN" (Muswell Hill) asks: "Won't you say something in Lord Kitchener's defence?" We have said a great deal in his praise. His surpassing services to his country need no defence; let the "beastly politicians" pick at his great bones as they will.

J. H. J. (Kettering).—You will note that the Mesopotamians have appointed a committee to inquire into Mesopotamia. When the committee have reported on the mess, we shall *perhaps* learn who ought to hang. Perhaps not.

ALCHIOR O'BRIEN (Schoon-Rivier).—Have read your crazy screed concluding, "Influence your nation to ask for peace ere Germany makes hard terms for having challenged her to war." Britain will dictate peace, not ask for it.

J. M. L. (Alberta).—One, at any rate, of the defects of your divisional Home Rule scheme is that the Irish would not have it, and the rest of the kingdom do not want it.

SERGT. W. F. (B.E.F.).—Your poem on "The Shell" finishes—"Three seconds—four—and then a sickening thud, But no report—'Only a blooming dud!'" Pity all the enemy shells don't finish like that.

A. N. (Downham Market).—40,000 acres under water since last year owing to the Ouse breaking its bank! As you say, a fine chance to set Germhun prisoners to mend the bank and dredge the river.

"LOYAL IRISH" (Paddington).—You are right. "There are Irish-Americans in London who have Germhun wives very hostile to Britain."

H. R. N. (Eastbourne).—The lady on the pier, who—on seeing the wounded soldiers—exclaimed "They are the Band," added insult to injuries.

W. E. (Trowbridge).—In the tragic circumstances of his loss, the use of Lord Kitchener's name for advertising purposes, especially in the shape of a "mourning card," is in doubtful taste; but that K. of K. meant "Krushing of Kultur" is a lofty and luminous idea.

L. A. T. (Kirriemuir).—True "the Party spirit is not dead yet," but when the boys have done with the Germhuns they will hand it the "knock-out."

R. E. H. (Guernsey).—Our view would be that you should not shout from the housetops your opinion that the Competent Military Authority is "a doddering old idiot," lest in a fit of wrath he turn and rend you under some potent provision of the Defence of the Realm Act.

H. E. (Canadian Pay Office).—The term you apply to Sir Sam Hughes is forceful and picturesque, but hardly chaste enough for the pages of a family newspaper. Any relation to a bull pup?

"A MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE" (Port Talbot).—Probably the best plan would have been to employ conscientious objectors upon work of national importance sufficiently onerous to repel the mere shirker. Such a course would meet your criticism, and Miss Corelli's criticisms and your criticism of Miss Corelli.

B. H. (South Lambeth).—If the Red Cross clerks can go rides on the railways for half-fares, good luck to them. It is no business of ours to complain.

"A READER" (Sussex).—"If the War Office is mean, some of the doctors are meaner." But the mean medicos you mention are a miserable minority.

PRIVATE C. E. B. (Marlborough Barracks).—There was a slight dip in the munitions curve at Whitsun, but the men and women in the factories are now driving a big salient into the German lines.

J. F. (Boston).—What on earth do you mean by applying the term "French funk" to the shirking of military service? You insult our brave Allies.

D. E. J. (Stroud Green), J. E. R. (Dudley), and OTHERS.—It was unfortunate that in enumerating the nationalities of our gallant troops Mr. Hales should have left out the Welsh; but you surely do not believe that the omission was other than accidental. None the less, we are sorry for the slip.

"A COMMON SAILOR."—An Admiralty transport with "a square-headed, pot-bellied Hun as commander—who calls himself Dutch"! A man in that position ought to be British.

J. C. (Oldham).—Because they have declined to allow enemy aliens to hold stalls, you call upon us for "Three cheers for the Oldham Markets Committee." Our precincts ring with joyous clamour.

J. M. (Liverpool).—Why bother because a few Yankee journals, amenable to Teutonic influence, espouse the Germhun cause? Guess this is *our* war, to be followed by *our* peace.

PRIVATE C. G. M. (Gateshead).—Glad you agree with us in regard to the Ypres salient. We have reason to know that Sir Douglas Haig agrees with both of us.

"CORPORAL" (Victoria Barracks, Cork).—There is little to be gained by the public discussion of the scandals you mention. *All is not well with—Ireland!*

"TRINCULO" (Plymouth).—The idea of the gas and pump water faction is to steal a march on the liberties of the nation while we are all busy beating the Germhuns. First let us dig out the rats, and then we'll shake off the fleas. So don't worry.

J. F. (Euston) asks: "What about the Germhun hock recently sent to the officers on H.M.S. ——?" We don't know; but if they drank it we hope it gave them a nasty pain inside.

H. B. (Lincoln).—"If you would support Prohibition," you tell us, we "should earn the gratitude of the nation." Rubbish! We should earn the kicks of the nation—or most of it, anyway.

T. J. M. (Crouch End).—What do you mean by "the community of Germhun Monks fitted up with wireless at Buckfast, Devon"? Are you sure they have wireless?

J. H. (St. Anne's-on-Sea), a member of the lifeboat crew, tells us that he procured the signatures of 200 people to our "Intern them All" petition, meeting only one who had any hesitation in signing it. J. H. says that "before they had finished with him he would have been glad to be allowed to sign," but his signature was then refused. We can quite understand that J. H. and his gallant comrades have no room for half-breds.

E. M. (Durrow).—It is a shameful scandal that soldiers mentally deranged by the shock of war should become chargeable to the Poor Law, and their formal classification as "criminal lunatics" is gross insult added to callous neglect.

"LOUISIANA" (B.E.F.).—You worked your passage over from America in order to enlist, and wonder if Government will leave you stranded on this side after the war. We cannot think good men like you will be left in the lurch. Don't worry; you will be all right.

A PERFECT BOON.

41, Estcourt Road, Watford, 6th July, 1916.
The Pens are a perfect boon to anyone who like myself is continually writing. *H. MOLD.*

67, Park Avenue, Northfleet, 28th June, 1916.
Thanks for your prompt delivery of Pen, which is quite satisfactory. It is a pen worth owning, and an honour to the name it bears. *A. J. FULLER.*

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 5, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

J. B. (Birmingham).—"On the maps printed after the war will the Kaiser's countries be designated as Germhuny or Hunland?" Neither. They will be right off the map.

"ECONOMIST."—"To save money, take a box of matches and split each match lengthways in two, so that you have two halves, each half doing the same as the whole in giving a light." Keep it dark; we won't split.

A. A. (Custom House).—A lighterman, employed by Cory and Co., called up for service in "July, 1961," had a bit of a nerve when he appealed for "more time."

"A PUBLICAN" (Dudley).—Young men managing public-houses and also working on munitions in your town must be pretty smart as quick-change artists.

"UNFIT MEN" (Rouen).—Skilled mechanics returned from the firing line and certified unfit to go back, might surely come home for munition work, instead of being wasted on light jobs out there.

"A FRENCHMAN."—In a public-house window in Bishopsgate is a bottle of champagne inscribed, "Fournisseur Breveté de S.M. l'Empereur d'Allemagne"—(By Appointment to H.M. the Emperor of Germany). The label is wrong all round, for Wilhelm is "German Emperor," and never was "Emperor of Germany," and never will be.

A. G. S. (Liverpool).—Should say that at no time did the U.S.A. have "a larg r merchant fleet than any other nation."

"IN DOUBT" (Airdrie).—On no account go to a moneylender to raise money for your holiday. Sooner stay at home and look at the shops.

"MRS. SO-SO" (Sunderland).—If R. Hurwitz, 30, St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, will lend you "any amount from £10 to £5,000 on your written promise to pay," borrow £5,000 at once—for us.

L. B. (Cardiff).—*Everywoman's* is making a special point of advising women in regard to what work they can do, and we have handed your letter on to them. You will get an answer by post; if you want any further advice, write the Editor yourself.

"TALLY-HO" (Welwyn).—To guard the viaduct and leave the bridge unwatched looks like the essence of stupidity.

H. B. (Limehouse).—We note that by his casting vote the Chairman of the Kingston-on-Thames Guardians defeated a motion calling on the Government to intern all Germhuns. Pity the Chairman hadn't more sense.

R. H. A. (Rathmines).—You write like a pro-Germhun, talk like a wild Irishman, and bray like an ass.

"STEWARD" (Bracebridge Asylum) doubts the Lambeth Workhouse Master having saved £478 on eggs in six months by purchasing in the open market. All we know is that the Lambeth Guardians say he has.

G. W. A. (W. Gorton).—The Premium Watch Co., 13, Normandy Place, Brixton Road, S.W., is a firm of audacious advertising tricksters.

E. B. (Dublin).—Don't send any subscription to the Export-Union, 18, Rue Feydeau, Paris. The concern is doubtful on the face of it.

"TUG" (H.M.S. *Birkenhead*).—Many thanks for jig-saw puzzle, which is immensely appreciated at the St. Albans War Hospital.

"AMUSED" (Windsor).—£1 monthly was the salary offered to "a gentlewoman by birth" to act as "morning governess" to a little girl at Alma Road, Windsor. If the post is not yet filled, this free advertisement may bring a rush of applicants.

MR. G. W. STATON (Egersund, Norway) tells us that the bodies of four British bluejackets were recently washed ashore there. It is evident that three of them are those of A. Sealey (H.M.S. *Shark*), F. Sheath, and Petty Officer G. Saunders. The fourth is unknown, but bore tattoo marks—on the right arm a lady's bust, and underneath the words "Ina" and "Fred," and also the figure of a girl dancing; on the left arm a lady's bust. Any relatives should communicate with Mr. Staton.

"ANXIOUS WIDOWED MOTHER."—You can, unfortunately, get no separation allowance from the Canadian Government, as your son was not supporting you at the time of his enlistment.

D. G. (Manchester).—Our phrase "Watch Russia" made you a reader of JOHN BULL, and now you "watch for Thursday mornings." We can imagine no sounder employment for the human optic.

"PRO PATRIA" (Birmingham).—Your *nom-de-plume* might have been the epitaph of Joseph Chamberlain, whose memory you so warmly cherish, as do we.

"WAITRESS" (Paddington).—Sorry cannot spare time to "spend an hour" at your restaurant; nor do we need to do so to recognise that you are shockingly underpaid. Why not seek a better billet?

G. R. (Lichfield).—"I am staying here for my honeymoon. I was Bulleting on my wedding day." Hope hubby was not cross. Was he Bulleting too?

"RESIDENT OF TOTTENHAM."—It is a funny yarn when an interned German says he is let out "to buy splints for wounded Tommies." Keep your eye on him when you see him out.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

THEY HELP YOU TO WORK

If you cycle to your work you need a tyre that won't let you down and make you late—time's precious nowadays. Fit the Pericles and get reliability at a minimum cost.

In all standard sizes of all local dealers. W.O. Cover, 5/3; B.E. Cover, 5/6; Tubes, 2/9.

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.

PERICLES

PRONOUNCED PERRY-CLEES

CYCLE TYRES

THE HIGHEST QUALITY LOW-PRICED TYRE *in the* WORLD

Nervos

IN a wide range of nerve disorders, in most ailments arising from depletion of the bodily powers, and, perhaps most markedly of all, in slow convalescence, Hall's Wine is a tonic preparation of the safest and most reliable kind.

Especially has Hall's Wine wrought good results among our invalided fighters, hastening recovery in a way which has won the warmest expressions of gratitude.

A Doctor Says:

"My patients *always* gain strength on Hall's Wine."

Guarantee.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay.

Large size, 3s. 6d. Of all Wine Merchants, &c.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON.

Hall's Wine

NOW'S THE TIME

TO WIN ONE OF OUR 5,000 "BULLETS" PRIZES!

2ND Prize £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD Prize £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2:10/-

☞ Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 10th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(200) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 2.0, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 10th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(200) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 201. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 17th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number 201 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 201,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 201.

BIG SQUEEZE	CUT OFF JOINT	SEASIDE FLIRTATION	NOBODY KNOWS
WET OR FINE	HENPECK'S HOLIDAY	THE LATEST GOSSIP	BEATING A RETREAT
WAR ECONOMY	THE FINISHING TOUCH	WHEN FATHER BATHES	FEELING SHAKY
DOESN'T ALWAYS PAY	CAUGHT KISSING	HEAVY DAMAGES	ON EASY TERMS
WHEN REJECTED	THE MORE THE MERRIER	EATING HUMBLE PIE	PUZZLES THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 200.

BRITISH PROGRESS
MAKES KAISER SICK
SEASIDE TRIPPERS
AMONG THE BATHERS
MERRY AND BRIGHT
HOLIDAY WEATHER
SLOW BUSINESS
BRITISH RAIDS
CLOSING TIME
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM
PAYING THROUGH NOSE
NO GOOD WHEN
BLOWN UP
SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT
A HAPPY TIME
GENERAL SERVICE
THE AWKWARD SQUAD
WHEN HENPECKED
IN A TIGHT CORNER
PRICE OF MILK
GETTING WARM
A RISKY BUSINESS
MY DEAR WIFE
NOW SHOWING
AMUSING THE GIRLS
GOOD WORK
A FINE HOLIDAY
MAKING MUNITIONS
A WEAK CONSCIENCE
GERMANY'S HARVEST

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** of **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
A RISKY BUSINESS.

Example:—
SENDING WAR SOUVENIRS HOME.

Example:—
IN A TIGHT CORNER.

Bullet:—
ALGY MEETS TAILOR.

Example:—
MERRY AND BRIGHT.

Bullet:—
ON HONEYMOON.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 26th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S," dated August 5th.

RESULT OF 197TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. A. CARTER (National Reserve), 22, Wimborne Rd., Southsea, Hants.

Example:—CLEAN FIGHT.
Bullet:—TOMMY'S A "FAIR" DEVIL.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. THOS. H. HUGHES, 1, Crown Place, Harrogate.

Example:—KEEPING QUIET.
Bullet:—THOSE IN "THE CORNER."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. ROBERT ADAM, [illegible]

Example:—WEEKLY PAYMENTS.
Bullet:—PENNY FOR BOTTOMLEY'S THOUGHTS.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. W. H. MARCHANT, 4, Fountain Street, Ferndale, Glam.: THE KAISER'S FAULT—HIS "YOUTH" FAILING HIM.

Mr. R. WADE, 92, Everton Road, Broccs Bank, Sheffield: A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE—EXPECTED "ADVANCE" RECEIVED "PUSH."

Mr. C. READ, Hazlemere, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft: THE KAISER'S FAULT—SUBJECTS GROAN—TABLES DON'T.

Mr. R. J. SYKES, Sand Hill, Swinefleet, S.O.: WITHOUT DOUBT—TOMMIES LIKE "CHARMING" GIRLS.

Mr. F. R. GALE, 47, Chester Street, Wrexham: BEFORE THE WAR—MANY THOUGHT "CONSTITUTION" SOUND.

Pte. G. ANDREWS, 5th Hants Regt., Queen's Pde, Aldershot: A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE—FOR PATIENT—STUDENT OPERATING.

Mr. A. F. SHARMAN, 18, Cranmer Street, Nottingham: SEASIDE LANDLADY—"STRAIT-LACED"—HENCE "SHORT STAYS."

FRANCES HALL, 151, Brockley Road, Brockley, S.E.: THE KAISER'S FAULT—ARMY "RETURNS" NEED "DOCTORING."

Mr. J. B. MARTIN, 45, Garfield Road, Scarborough: HANDS OFF—BEFORE "WE" SINK SHIPS.

Mrs. E. GLOVER, 54, Gaythorne Rd., Bradford, Yorks.: THE KAISER'S FAULT—WE'RE "ABOUT" TO DISCOVER.

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. R. SIMPSON, 338, Killinghall Road, Bradford: PRETTY BEAUTY—RECEIVES "CUPID" WITH "QUIVER."

Mr. S. PEARCE, 19, Llandough Street, Cardiff:—TRYING BUSINESS—SWANKING ON ARMY PAY.

Mrs. G. JACKSON, South View, Measham, Atherstone: A RAPID CHANGE—"RAIDER" BECOMES "TRADER."

Mr. W. E. BURBIDGE, 15, Homesdale Rd., Bromley, Kent: A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE—HE TARRIED—SHE MARRIED.

C. SIMPSON (A.S.C.), No. 4 Base Sply Dep, Dieppe, France: BRITISH PLUCK—HUN PRISONERS FROM TRENCHES.

Mr. H. GOWERS, 18, St. Andrew's Rd, Stoke Newington, N.: A SMASHING VICTORY—FLEET "REMAINS" AT KIEL.

Mr. C. FLOWER, 22, Edward Road, Bath Road, Bristol: WITHOUT DOUBT—EVERYBODY HAS INOCULATED ARM.

Mr. J. WARNER, St. Gregory's, The Downs, Luton: A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE—WAY LAUNDRY "FINISHES" COLLARS.

Mr. N. PRICE, 4, Llan Road, Maesteg, Cardiff: A RAPID CHANGE—CIVIL SERVANT ON PIECEWORK. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. W. J COOKE, 120, Bridgend Road, Aberkenfig, Glam.: TRYING BUSINESS—SETTLING "RISING" BY "SITTING."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 10th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(200) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 10th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(200) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Aug. 5th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you must fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this .day (*Strike out one of these.*)

Aug. 5th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

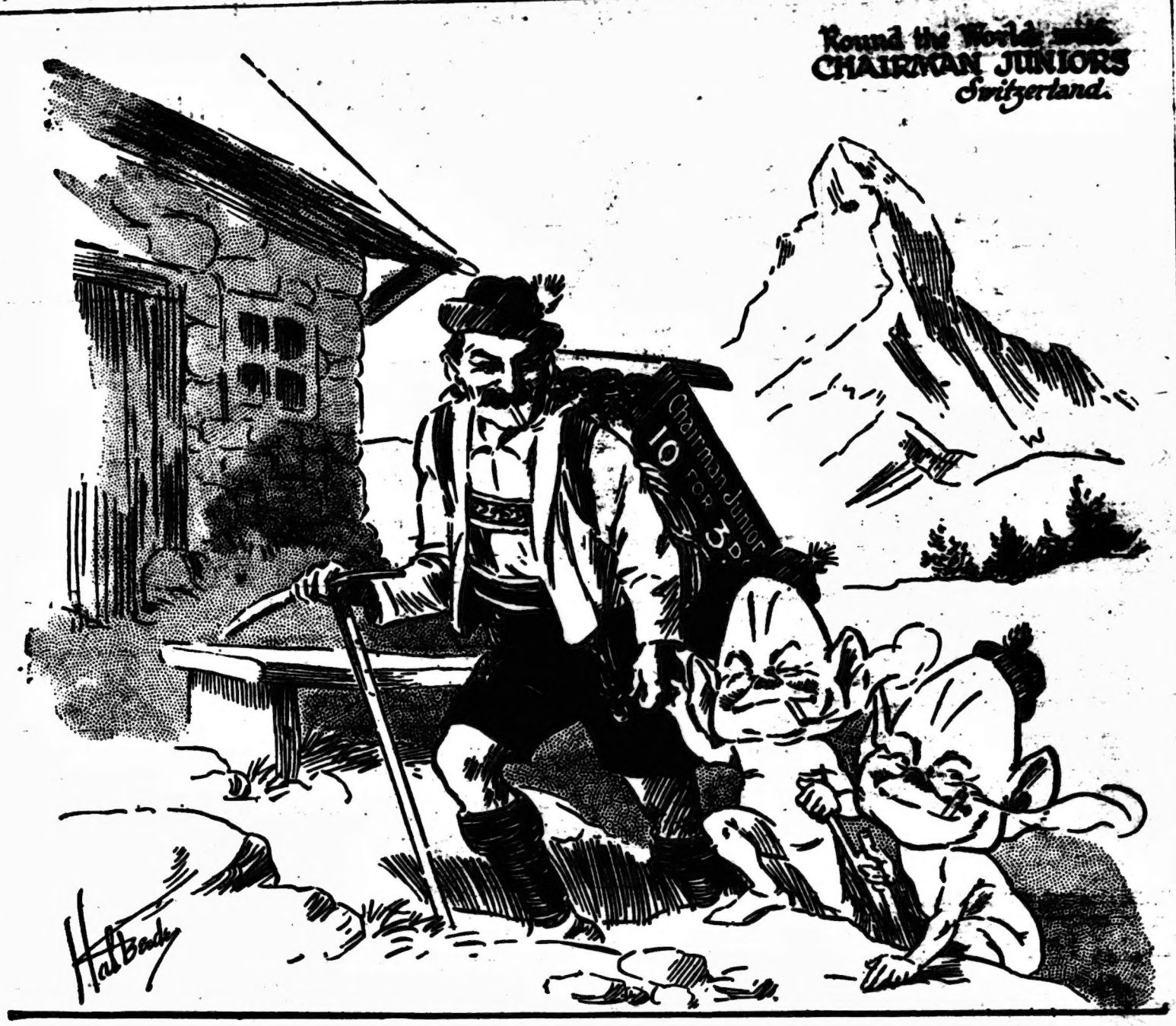
Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....



Excelsior ! Excelsior ! !
Here comes the famous brand.
Three cheers for Chairman Juniors !
Welcome to Switzerland.

If a smoker of cigarettes, you cannot do better than have Chairman Juniors. They are made of pure Virginia tobacco so blended that they smoke cool to the tongue and with a flavour that pleases nine men in every ten. In fact, they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold *everywhere* at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them. . . . And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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